

READ THE SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS ON PAGES 15 and 16.

The Daily Mirror.

No. 59.

Registered at the G. P. O.
as a Newspaper.

MONDAY, JANUARY 11, 1904.

One Penny.

By Special Appointment to

HIS MAJESTY THE KING.
HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.
H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES.
H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.

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PLATO SILVER POLISH

a liquid metal polish, containing a solution of silver, which removes all stains and produces a brilliant surface with very little labour. Try Plato for your nickel and electro goods.

IT COVERS ALL WORN PARTS with a DEPOSIT OF SILVER. Contains no injurious acids. Bottles 1/- each. Get one to-day of your Grocer, or write to

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From Paris to New York by Land

AND THE

"DAILY MAIL" YEAR BOOK.

In the course of his exceedingly interesting work, "From Paris to New York by Land," Mr. Harry de Windt, the well-known explorer, pays a remarkable tribute to the value of the "Daily Mail" Year Book, which accompanied him on his Expedition.

Mr. DE WINDT says:—

"Before the start (from Verkhoyansk) a pathetic little incident occurred, which is indelibly photographed on my memory.

"My small supply of reading matter comprised a 'Daily Mail' Year Book, and although very loth to part with this, I had not the heart to take it away from a young exile who had become engrossed in its contents. For the work contained matters of interest which are usually blacked out by the censor. 'I shall learn it all off, Mr. de Windt,' said the poor fellow, as the Chief of Police for a moment looked away."

The 1904 Edition of this valuable
Reference Work is just out.

1/6

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1/6

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SPECIAL DISCOUNT from regular selling prices till Feb. 9th only.
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ON THE
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A CHEAP AND HANDY FORM.

Price 3d.

AT ALL NEWSAGENTS
AND BOOKSTALLS.

Price 3d.

Our special forecast for to-day is: Very variable, gusty winds; rather cold; chanceable; squalls of rain, hail, or sleet, with bright intervals.

Lighting-up time, 5.11 p.m.

SEA PASSAGES.

English Channel, North Sea, and Irish Channel, all rough.

The Daily Mirror.

11th Day of Year.

Monday, Jan. 11, 1904.

355 days to Dec. 31.

	1904.	January.	Feb.
Sun.	17	24	31
Mon.	11	18	25
Tues.	12	19	26
Wed.	13	20	27
Thurs.	14	21	28
Fri.	15	22	29
Sat.	16	23	30

To-Day's News at a Glance.

Home.
Owing to the rain the King and Queen were unable to go to Edensor Parish Church yesterday. . . attended divine service in the private chapel at Chatsworth. During their forthcoming visit to Ireland it is stated that they will spend some days at Kilmore Castle, Co. Down. On March 6 they will attend the celebration of the centenary of the British and Foreign Bible Society at St. Paul's, when the Archbishop of Canterbury will preach.

Some vigorous letters which passed between the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain disclose the threatened dissolution of the Liberal Unionist Association.—See page 3.

Prince Arthur of Connaught, who was invalided home from South Africa, has arrived in England, with his health much improved by the voyage.

Lord Braybrooke's illness has caused a good deal of gloom among the men "going up" to Magdalen, Cambridge, after the Christmas vacation. There is no improvement in his condition.

The latest idea for the assistance of the much-suffering cab proprietor is to ask the Licensing authorities to prevent the drivers from leaving off work at intervals.

Mme. Antoinette Sterling, the well-known oratorio singer, has died at her residence at Hampstead.—See page 7.

The Law Courts open to-day. Mr. Francis Jeune's case commences. Sir Francis Jeune is still too ill to preside in the Divorce Division.

The Rugby football match between England and Wales ended in a tie.—See page 5.

The owners of the Houston Line steamships have come to an agreement with the Cape shipping "ring".—See page 5.

In order to secure effective musketry instruction in the Royal Artillery, 120 rounds of small-arm ball ammunition will be issued to each officer and to selected N.C. officers of batteries of the Royal Horse and Field Artillery.

A news agency states that a meeting of the Cabinet has been summoned, and will take place towards the end of next week.

The crew of the *Norham*, which went ashore on the Lincoln coast, remained on the wreck until, despairing of their signals being seen, they took to the boats and were picked up by a French tug.

On the liberation of a Lichfield couple who were convicted of gross cruelty to a child they were followed home by a hostile crowd, who smashed their windows.—See page 5.

Mr. Arthur Lee, M.P., Civil Lord of the Admiralty, leaves London to-day on an official tour of inspection of the naval works at Malta and Gibraltar.

The Sunday repose of a Stepney councillor has been broken by the polyglot jabbering of the goddess heathens who trade on the first day of the week, and he is trying to stop it.—See page 4.

The London County Council purpose giving notice to the owners of free shelters for the homeless to provide proper mattresses and to discontinue the double and multiple bunks within a year.

Northumberland miners and mineowners at a peaceful meeting at Newcastle decided that as there had been a reduction of 20 per cent. in the price of coal wages were to be reduced 24 per cent.

To-Day's Arrangements.

General.
Mr. Balfour addresses his constituents at East Ham.
Mr. Chamberlain at the annual dinner of the Birmingham Jewellers' Association.
Mr. Brodick at Guildford.
Mr. Henry Cotton opens a debate on "The Tibet Problem" at a house dinner of the National Liberal Club.
Lord George Hamilton, M.P., at a meeting called to protest against any food tax, Canton Hall, 8.
Sales.
Wilson's Successors, Ltd., 118, Regent-street, W.
Gibson & Freedy, Tottenham-court-road, W.
Edgar & Edgar, Piccadilly-circus.
Marshall & Snelgrove, Oxford-street, W.
Vivian, 12, New Burlington-street.
Norman & Sney, Tottenham-court-road.
Cathelough, Hanover-square.
Samuel Lewis & Co., 5, Holborn-bars, E.C.
Lewis & Allenby, Regent-street and Conduit-street, W.
Rusell, 12, Sidney-place, Wadsworth-street.
Peters, Taylor, Sloane-street, S.W.
Hester, Conduit-street, W.
Hester, Sloane-street, S.W.
Hester, Glove, New Oxford-street, W.
Hester, Glove, New Oxford-street, W.
Hester, Glove, New Oxford-street, W.
Hester, Glove, New Oxford-street, W.

The lady who had lost her memory and was found wandering at Wembley, near Willesden, on Thursday, has now been restored to her friends, as on Saturday night she was able to recollect her son's name and address.

Mr. Ben Tillett, general secretary of the Dockers' Union, has been adopted as candidate by the Labour Party for the Eccles division of Lancashire.

Foreign and Colonial.

There is no change in the situation in the Far East. It is believed that Japan, although dissatisfied with Russia's terms, does not feel warranted in issuing an ultimatum or breaking off negotiations.—See page 4.

Sir Francis Bertie, British Ambassador at Rome, is now quite ready to yield his pen in his country's cause, by signing the Anglo-Italian arbitration treaty, as soon as he receives power from the Government. Signor Tittoni has been empowered to sign for Italy.

We hope to send Christmas cards to the Lama this year, for it is reported that the telegraphic and postal arrangements of the Tibet mission are working well.

Repetition of the Kurdish massacres at Sassoun, Asia Minor, in 1894, are feared by the Armenians; 1,000 of whom have armed themselves and are ready under a leader.

Arbitration is becoming almost as lengthy a business as war. The Venezuelan Arbitration Tribunal has postponed the giving of its decision till the end of next month.

In order to suppress the Veto at Papal elections, the Pope, it is said, will introduce a rule that every Cardinal must take an oath never to exercise in the name of the Government of his country the right to veto at any conclave.

Fifty-six persons, including all the women and children, have been drowned in a shipwreck on the coast of British Columbia, despite gallant efforts to save their lives.—See page 4.

The Duchess of Cumberland, who is now staying at Gmunden, is suffering from bronchitis, accompanied by feverish symptoms.

A Swiss has been making money by having his children baptised by Protestant and Roman Catholic clergymen alternately. He was sent to prison for fraud.—See page 5.

Count Tolstoy has again been delivering himself on the subject of war and warriors. "Man is horrible still," he says, "and seems to wish to promote civilisation by force."

A theatre fire at Grosswardein, in Hungary, which broke out on Saturday night, was happily soon extinguished, but it was afterwards found that all the emergency exits of the theatre were closed, and all the keys missing.

New Zealand (i.e., Mr. Seddon) will be very angry if England allows South Africa to be overrun by "hordes" of Chinese, says the redoubtable Richard, and after all the Colonies have done for us, too!

Brother Boer is fired of India. Passive resistance and conscientious scruples against the oath of allegiance are at an end in 498 cases which have been shipped back to Africa.

A Ballarat eighteen have succeeded in "drawing" their match with Mr. Warner's English cricketers.—See page 5.

The December gold output for the Transvaal was 28,000oz., the highest recorded since the war.

Theatres.

"Adelphi," "Little Hans Andersen," 2.15; "The Earl and the Girl," 8.15.
Apollo, "Madame Sherry," 8.15.
Comedy, "The Girl from Kay's," 8.
Court, "Brier Fox and Brier Rabbit," and "Snowdrop," 2.30; "Bohemia," 8.15; "The Question," 9.
Daly's, "A Country Girl," 8.
Drury Lane, "Humpty Dumpty," 1.30 and 7.30.
Duke of York's, "Lety," 8.
Gaiety, "The Orchid," 8.
Garrick, "Water Babies," 2.15; "The Cricket on the Hearth," 8.15.
Haymarket, "Cousin Kate," 9.
His Majesty's, "The Darling of the Gods," 8.15.
Imperial, "Monsieur Beaucaire," 8.30.
Lyric, "The Duchess of Dantzic," 8.
New, "Alice Through the Looking-glass," 2.30 and 8.15.
Prince of Wales's, "The School Girl," 8.
Royalty, "Swift and Vanessa," 2.30.
St. James's, "The Professor's Love Story," 8.30.
Strand, "A Chinese Honeymoon," 8.
Terry's, "My Lady Molly," 8.15.
Vaudeville, "The Cherry Girl," 2 and 8.
Wyndham's, "Little Mary," 9.
Alhambra, "Carmen," doors open 7.45.
Empire, "Looping through Space," doors open 7.45.
Hippodrome, "The Elephant Hunters," 2 and 8.
Palace, Varieties and Bioscope Pictures, 8.

*Matinees are on the day of performance indicated by an asterisk.

DUKE'S RESOLVE.

Cannot Remain a Liberal Unionist Any Longer.

BREAKING UP THE PARTY.

What Mr. Chamberlain Means to Do.

For once in a way rumour has been well-founded, and from a remarkable correspondence, published last night, between the Duke of Devonshire and Mr. Chamberlain, it is evident that a serious split, if not complete dissolution, threatens the Liberal Unionist Association.

The ball is opened by a letter from the Duke, dated October 23. After referring to some correspondence of last May on the position of the Liberal Unionist Association, he remarked that further consideration is necessary.

"I have looked," he wrote, "a little more closely into the operations and finance of the Central Association, and I find that one of its most important functions is the distribution of grants to local associations, over the policy and action of which little or no control can be exercised from Great George-street. It is obviously inconsistent with the neutral position which we agreed to endeavour to maintain that we should continue to subsidise local associations which have taken up a decided position on the question of tariff reform."

Financial Embarrassments.

He adds that "before taking any steps" he would be glad of Mr. Chamberlain's opinion, and then, naively, "What makes my position in the matter still more difficult and responsible is that the expenditure of the Liberal Unionist Association largely exceeds its income, and that such operations as it carries on are only made possible by grants made from time to time from a fund which in no sense belongs to the Association, but was collected by me, and entrusted to me personally, as the Leader of the Liberal Unionist Party, to be applied at my discretion for political purposes."

On October 26 Mr. Chamberlain replied—characteristically. He was extremely astonished that the Duke should suggest the violent breaking up of the association, "not because the members desire it, but because you fear that the opinion of the majority on a question which is not at present a party question may be found to differ from your own."

He pointed out that "we have supported" various local bodies "even in spite of opinions which some of us may have considered heterodox." "I do not think that there is any fear that they will follow the bad example of the Free Food League, of which you are also President, which professed to support the Government and yet allows its literature to be largely used against one of the Ministers, as happened in the case of the Leamington election. I should have thought, therefore, that on all grounds it was better to let sleeping dogs lie."

Thinks They Are With Him.

After expressing his belief that many Liberal Unionists agree with him, Mr. Chamberlain suggests that if the Duke wishes that opinion tested a general meeting of Liberal Unionist delegates should be held. If the majority agreed with the Duke he should remain president, and Mr. Chamberlain would have to consider the question of starting a rival association. If not, the Duke might then "review his position." Next he combats the suggestion that the funds are intended for the Duke's personal control. If there is to be a split, every subscriber must be asked for his wishes as to the destination of the money. Finally he suggests a maintenance of the status quo.

On October 31 the Duke denied that he wished a violent disruption, but desired to point out the difficulties of the situation.

In the next letter, on December 22, Mr. Chamberlain said he had hoped his last suggestion had been adopted.

In these circumstances, he continued, "it is with the greatest regret that I have seen your recently-published letter advising Unionists who agree with your views on the fiscal question to refuse to support any candidate differing from them in this respect, even though he

may be pledged to support Unionist principles and has been chosen by the local Unionist Association.

"Your action has created a new situation which is embarrassing to all of us and cannot be maintained. It is calculated to assist the cause of Home Rule."

On January 2 the Duke explained his silence by a desire to find some solution of "the difficulties, apparently considerable," of continuing the neutrality of the Association.

"I agree with you," he continues, "that the situation is embarrassing, but I do not desire to discuss in this correspondence whether this is due to your action in raising a question of the highest political importance, on which you knew that the opinion of Liberal Unionists must be divided, or to mine in giving the advice which I thought was called for under the conditions created by your action. What is certain is that the course now proposed by you must bring about disruption in its most violent form."

A Personal Aspect.

"I have always considered that you have underrated the gravity of the issue which you have raised, and your assumption that it is one upon which men might be content to differ and yet act together seems to me untenable. I would also observe that so low an estimate as you thus appear to form of the importance of the relative merits of free trade and protection seems hardly consistent with the sacrifices you have made and the exertions you are putting forth in favour of one aspect of the controversy."

He concludes by finding himself compelled to resign if any section of the party insists on dividing the Association into "sections" neither of which will have a right to represent Liberal Unionist opinion."

The last word was with Mr. Chamberlain, who, on January 4, considered further discussion useless, as the Duke declined to join him in consulting the Association. He proposed himself to call a general meeting to consider the situation, and concluded, "If the meeting should resolve to continue the operations of the Association, I do not feel with you that the resignation of some of the members, however much to be regretted, would deprive it of its representative character."

THE WESTERN METHOD.

An "American Duel" Leads to a Suicide in Hungary.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Vienna, Jan. 10.

A tragic affair has just happened in Hungary, where a young law student, aged 23, named Koloman Misis, shot himself, declaring that he was the victim of the American duel.

The unfortunate young man and a friend fell in love a year ago with the same girl, and the friend, feeling himself slighted, spoke rudely of the girl, whereupon Misis struck him in the face. Both the young men decided to have recourse to the American duel, when a white and black ball are placed in a bag and drawn for.

Misis was unlucky enough to draw the fatal black ball, which signified his death within a year. A few days before this date fell due he received a letter from his adversary warning him of the approaching date. Punctually on the appointed day he took leave of his friends and relatives and took a journey to a place called Neutra, where his own father had previously committed suicide.

There he shot himself.

EMOTION ON THE STAGE AND OFF.

As illustrating the way in which on the stage the natural is so frequently replaced by the conventional, Mrs. Craigie told her audience at the O.P. Club last night a story about a famous actor of her acquaintance.

She asked him in what way he would express extreme annoyance in real life. "I should bite my nails," he said, "and sit for half an hour, probably without speaking a word."

None the less, Mrs. Craigie averred, on the stage the actor, when obliged to express in the course of the piece exactly the same emotion, did all manner of strange things by way of conveying to his public what he was suffering.

SELLING SMALL-POX SHIPS.

With the memory of the "Army blanket" outbreak of typhoid fresh upon us, it is somewhat startling to learn that two small-pox ships are about to be sold.

The Chairman of the Metropolitan Asylums Board, however, announces that there is no danger of infection, since the ships will be thoroughly disinfected first.

One member suggested that they should be given to the Russian Government as an addition to that country's navy.

THE WAR CLOUD.

NINETY THOUSAND RUSSIANS
SENT EAST.

JAPAN'S CRUISERS LEAVE.

There is little news from the East to-day, but the general impression is that, though the danger is not averted, the fear of an immediate outbreak of hostilities is less.

The departure of the Japanese cruisers by the Suez route indicates that for some days at least the Tokio Government has no fear of war supervening. The cruisers would certainly not have gone via the Canal had there been probability of an immediate rupture.

Another reassuring piece of intelligence is the denial of the departure of Russian cruisers from Vladivostok, while it is also stated that the reported despatch of Japanese troops to Korea has not taken place.

The St. Petersburg Press is now discussing the situation in a very bellicose tone, strangely contrasting with the restraint shown a week or so ago. Russian opinion is now becoming most pessimistic. The chief paper of Tokio, the "Jiji Shimpō," speaks with great appreciation of the services of the British sailors who are helping to navigate the two new cruisers to Japan.

DEPARTURE OF JAPANESE CRUISERS.
Genoa, Saturday.

The new Japanese cruisers Nyssin and Kasuga left here at 4.30 this morning for Suez. Both vessels were flying the Japanese naval flag. They yesterday shipped three large loads of ammunition, which had arrived from Spezia.

A slight delay was caused in their departure by an escape of steam, by which an Italian stoker was scalded so badly that he had to be put ashore.—Reuter.

Great enthusiasm attended the departure, the crews singing martial songs.

The ships were followed along the Sardinian coast by two Russian cruisers.

Philadelphia, Saturday.

The "Record" states that Japan has secured the option of the twenty-two-knot Turkish cruiser Medjidie, now in process of completion at Cramp's, having outbitten Russia by paying £500,000.—Reuter.

RUSSIAN FLEET HAS NOT SAILED.

Tokio, Saturday.

The Russian warships which left Vladivostok are reported to have returned there instead of proceeding to Port Arthur as was originally expected.

The port of Sascho is full of officers taking leave of their families and friends.—Reuter's Special.

St. Petersburg, Sunday.

A telegram from Vladivostok states that the report received from Tokio that the warships at Vladivostok had put to sea is incorrect.

Only the Gromoboi went to sea for practice and returned after two days. No particular preparations for war are noticeable.—Reuter.

90,000 RUSSIANS SENT EAST.

Paris, Saturday.

The St. Petersburg correspondent of the "New York Herald" says in the Russian capital the prevalent opinion is that the question is no longer in the domain of the Foreign Office, but has entered that of the Minister of War.

Ninety thousand men have been sent east by the Trans-Siberian Railway.—Reuter.

A BISHOP ON THE CRISIS.

In the course of a New Year's address to his diocese the Bishop of Bath and Wells says:—"The clouds in the Far East are dark and lowering. It is to be feared that distance renders many of us oblivious to the real dangers. We are only beginning to understand how the whole world is knit together in one common bond of suffering or welfare."

RUSSIAN ACTIVITY IN MANCHURIA.

Lord Ronaldshay, who has just arrived in England from Manchuria and Japan, has stated to Reuter that it was quite evident every preparation was being made for war. He was told that so far back as August last there were 200,000 Russian troops in Manchuria.

As regards Port Arthur, Lord Ronaldshay remarked:—

"It is not necessary to be a military expert in order to recognise that Port Arthur is practically impregnable. The chief danger is of it being starved out."

In the event of an outbreak of hostilities, Germany and the Triple Alliance will maintain an attitude of strict neutrality.

Prince Ching has informed M. Uchida, the Japanese Minister at Pekin, that China has resolved to remain neutral in the event of war.

The meeting of Elder Statesmen of Japan has been postponed for a day or two.

H.M. cruiser King Alfred has sailed from Malta for Port Said on her way to the Far East.

AT CHATSWORTH.

A Fine Saturday and a Wet
Sunday.

On Saturday, in fine weather, their Majesties, Princess Victoria, and the Duke and Duchess undertook a motor tour to Hardwick Hall and back, passing through the little town of Chesterfield, which was brightly decorated in honour of the occasion.

There were three cars, and at every turn of the roadside was hung a Union Jack or some other piece of bunting, testifying to the loyalty of the cottagers whose homes lay within walking distance of the royal route.

At Hardwick Hall, the oldest seat of the Cavendish family, lunch was served, and their Majesties afterwards planted a couple of fir trees as a souvenir of the visit. The drive back was by another road, and the Queen and Princess Victoria expressed themselves as delighted with the wonderful scenery through which they had passed.

Yesterday, being Sunday, it was expected that their Majesties would attend the service at Edensor parish church, but the weather was so inclement that they elected to stay indoors, their devotions being performed in the evening at the Duke's private chapel.

Many visitors had come into Edensor in the hope of seeing their Majesties.

Later in the day it cleared, and the King, Queen, and Princess walked in Chatsworth grounds.

Mr. Balfour's Saturday was spent on the golf course.

Royal Movements.

To-day the King and Queen and Princess Victoria take leave of their dual entertainers, his Majesty coming to town, the ladies returning to Sandringham.

It is expected that King Edward will join her Majesty at Sandringham to-morrow, and will remain in Norfolk till the Court's removal to Windsor for the Anniversary Service at the Frogmore Mausoleum on the 22nd, which, it is anticipated, will be attended by all the members of the Royal Family resident in England.

King Edward will reach St. Pancras at 3.20 this afternoon, and will at once drive to Buckingham Palace.

Their Majesties will entertain a succession of visitors at Sandringham until the Court comes south.

On Sunday, March 6, their Majesties are announced to attend the celebration of the centenary of the British and Foreign Bible Society at St. Paul's. The Archbishop of Canterbury is to preach, and the Lord Mayor and sheriffs will attend in state.

EAR-SPLITTING YIDDISH.

Attempt to Stop Noisy Street Auctions
in the East End.

The undesirable alien is breaking the Sabbath repose of Stepney by his Sunday apple auctions in Spitalfields. A Stepney councillor, Mr. Collins, has been irritated by the unmusical babel of Yiddish and other strange tongues outside his window, and has brought the matter before the Council. The Works Committee has just been instructed to take steps to stop these sales, which are considered illegal on Sundays.

The alien does not stop at apple auctions. All along Stepney streets are stalls with flaring lights and attendant crowds.

"Ere y'are, two pairs kippers for aipenny" calls one vendor; and almost at once his voice is drowned by a stream of foreign gibberish in praise of a glutinous mass of dates which a black-bearded Jew is selling at 1d. a pound.

The roadway is blocked with the smaller pedlars who sell anything from baskets of rasping underclothing to photos of the King.

If all this is stopped Stepney will be quite a haven of repose on Sunday.

LODGER'S BREACH OF ETIQUETTE.

William West, who is his own story to be believed, has been the victim of his refined habits. He has been sent to three months' hard labour for wounding a fellow guest at a common lodging-house in Acton.

According to his account of the incident, he walked into the kitchen and was using a knife to eat his food, when he was told he could not stop there, the lodgers proceeding to set about him, and one of them had the misfortune to cut himself on the offending knife.

"PRISONERS BETTER HOUSED THAN JUDGES."

The Prime Minister of Austria, Dr. Koerber, who is likewise the Minister of Justice, has visited in the latter capacity the Palace of Justice.

The prison, which is also in the building, was duly inspected by the Minister, when he made the following remark: "The prisoners are better housed than the judges." It is a well-known fact that the officers' and judges' rooms are ridiculously small and inadequate.

LADY DETECTIVE TRACKS ROBBERS.

Frederick Allison and Philip Nash stole £4 15s. from a coffee-house at which was Miss Susie Milward, the daughter of the proprietor. She suspected Allison, and followed him for a mile and a half till he met Nash. Then she gave them both in charge.

TALENTED SCOUNDREL.

Wooden-Shoed Peasant who
Founded Two Fraudulent Banks.

(FROM OUR OWN CORRESPONDENT.)

Paris, Sunday Night.

Paris is ringing with the deeds of M. Mary Raynaud, a financier, who has just fled, leaving, it is said, a deficiency of £100,000.

His history is singularly interesting. Coming to Paris from Auvergne in the wooden shoes of the peasant, he founded the Banque d'Etat, and set up in fashionable style in the Champs-Élysées. But the Tarpeian rock is not far from the Capitol, and in 1876 the bank was liquidated and its founder imprisoned for fraud.

But Raynaud was not discouraged. He obtained his release after long litigation, and after some years' absence we find him in 1890 actually elected a Deputy. It was rather a trying experience, however, for showers of stones fell round him, and he had to be delivered by a strong body of police out of the hands of the opposition among his new constituents. He never took his seat; a committee decided that he was ineligible as a Deputy.

Three weeks after this decision Raynaud disappeared, with good reason. He was found to have left £40,000 of debts with less than £100 of assets. In his absence he was condemned to ten years' imprisonment.

But, three years ago, he reappeared in Paris, and with the title of "count" started another bank, the Crédit International. The bank ceased payment last Tuesday, and at the end of the week Mary Raynaud addressed to the "Figaro" a letter, in which he explained that the bad news from Japan had obliged him to fly for the third time. However, he does not despair of seeing Paris again at some more or less distant date.

The following extracts from his letter are especially amusing from their cool effrontery:

Tu ne cede malis, sed contra audientior ito. I shall follow the precept of the Roman poet. I shall go to the Transvaal, to the land of gold. I shall make my fortune there. I shall return to France. My acts will then prove that I did not incur the misfortune which has assailed me. I never has man been animated more than I with noble and generous ideas.

To-day I weep over myself. I weep also over the people whom my disaster will cruelly wound.

LAMP THAT TALKED.

Conversation Started by the Crossing
of Electric Wires.

Some electrical engineering students of a well-known university have just made a startling discovery.

Crossing a telephone wire with an arc lamp wire they were startled by hearing the lamp call out "Hello," and continue with a stream of conversation. Investigation showed that the arc light acted as a receiver from the telephone and reproduced the voice clearly and distinctly.

At the traffic superintendent's department in Telephone House an explanation was given to a *Daily Mirror* representative.

"It is not exactly a discovery," said the official, for there is a mode of signalling in the Navy which is based on very much the same principle. I refer to the transmission of messages by wireless telephony along the beam of light thrown by the searchlight. Here the voice is actually transmitted through the lamp, the light on the ship to which the message is sent acting as a receiver.

"With regard to the results of crossing a telephone wire with an electric light wire, that is rather difficult to explain. At present if a 'live' wire comes into contact with a telephone wire the telephone is immediately disconnected at the exchange to prevent the destruction of the apparatus. Whether it is possible to make the arc lamp talk I cannot say, but I should not think the apparatus would stand the strain long enough."

It is well known that arc lamps do give out different sounds, without the aid of the telephone, and by judicious tuning passengers along electrically lighted roads may yet be startled by the light standards bursting into "Rule, Britannia" or "God save the King."

PRISONERS SAVE 23s. 6d.

The Poor Prisoners' Defence Act, already during its short existence so much commended, was commented upon by Sir Ralph Littler at the Middlesex Sessions on Saturday as useless and mischievous.

It had been, he said, a tradition of the Bar that a prisoner should be defended if that prisoner chose to select a member of the Bar and pay him 23s. 6d.; the barrister was bound to defend him. Now under this Act, the poor prisoner, who was not defended, was to be defended out of the rates.

Another remark of Sir R. Littler's on Saturday was that the new scale for payment of witnesses was worse than before. A domestic servant under the old scale had a right to 3s. 6d., now she could only claim 1s. Tradesmen were not provided for at all.

HIGHLY RESPECTED IN GAOL.

"Highly respected at Holloway Prison" is a quaint testimonial to one's virtues.

One Norma Clark, described also as a "first-class prisoner," was the subject of this eulogy, uttered by a gaoler. She has been convicted of drunkenness many times, but her manner is always refined and calm and her appearance respectability itself.

On Saturday the Marylebone magistrate decided simply to bind her over for judgment so that she could enter a home.

STEAMER FOUNDERS.

WOMEN AND CHILDREN TAKE TO
THE BOATS AND ARE DROWNED.

AMERICA HELPS CANADA.

Within sight of land, in the narrow gulf of sea that separates Victoria, British Columbia, from the United States territory across the strait, the Clallam, a wooden, two-decked screw steamer of 672 tons, foundered on Friday night. Before sinking she had lost one-half of her hundred passengers, who had sought to escape in the boats.

The Clallam was one of a line of steamships that ply regularly between Victoria and the American port of Seattle. On Friday afternoon she started to make the voyage, carrying about a hundred passengers, among whom were many women and children.

A strong wind was blowing as the Clallam steamed slowly out of harbour, and, once clear of the shore, she found herself in the teeth of a typical January gale. To make matters worse, two currents met outside the bay, and at this point the ship refused to answer the helm. She drifted at the mercy of the huge seas that struck her, the wind carrying her towards the narrow straits that lead into the Pacific.

Watching Dear Ones Drown.

Those on shore saw her danger, and at once efforts were made to obtain a tug and secure the drifting vessel. No tug, however, was obtainable in Victoria, and a telegram was sent to Port Townsend, on the American side, asking for help.

Meanwhile the Clallam, driving before wind and sea, had reached to within a couple of miles of Discovery Island. Here the captain decided to make an attempt to land the women and children. The lifeboats were swung out and lowered. Hardy tars had hold of the oars. At the signal they pulled with a will, and for a brief space it seemed as though they might make a way through the pitiless seas. Six hundred yards out two of the boats capsized in full view of the passengers watching from the Clallam's deck.

The scene that followed was heartrending. The men who were forced to look on while wife and child perished under their eyes could hardly be restrained from plunging overboard.

The Clallam herself was in an evil plight, for the vessel was filling rapidly, and, though the passengers and crew worked turn by turn at the pumps, the ship's decks were growing gradually level with the water.

Tugs Bring Safety.

For six hours they waged this unequal fight, and then, spent and weary, they made out the tug Holyoke, which had ploughed through the sea and the darkness in response to Victoria's message to Port Townsend.

With difficulty a hawser was made fast to the Clallam, and now the plucky little tug put on her utmost speed and made for shelter.

Seas were breaking over the Clallam, the deadlights were gone, and she was sinking with every plunge forward. Towards dawn the tug Sea Lion came out of the mists and stood by whilst the Holyoke cut the hawser, for the Clallam's decks lay on the water-line and any moment she might founder.

The crews of the two tugs now devoted themselves to saving the remaining passengers, risking death again and again in their heroic efforts to get the half-frozen men safely on board. Thirty precious lives were saved in half as many minutes, including those of the captain and the purser.

The death-roll, it is stated, amounts to fifty-six, and includes all the women and children in addition to a number of well-known citizens of Victoria.

Reuter puts the loss of life at fifty-three, and adds that one boat loaded with women got away safely, and, though the hope is small, they may yet be found to have survived.

The quantity of ostrich feathers offered by auction last year totalled 520,000lb., and realised £1,054,000, as against 469,000lb. realising £855,000, in 1902—an increase of about three shillings a pound.

CHEERY STOCK EXCHANGE.

For once in a way the Stock Exchange has had a cheerful Saturday, largely on the absence of any alarming news from the Far East, while the fact that the Japanese cabinet is preparing a reply to the Russian note also assisted to make things bright. It was argued that another week or two of peace would be a large "bear" account in the various markets.

A buoyant note prevailed throughout the attempt of the "bears" to repurchase the Consols at 10 per cent. to 87½, which was a notable rise for a stock like Consols in one day. In the Foreign market the Russian bonds, which showed a stronger tendency to the defeat of the revolutionists by the Government troops in their battle with the Japanese, were strong on the further reduction of 5 per cent. in the customs dues on imports from Russia since the beginning of the year.

And Turkish bonds revived, and there was a demand for copper shares.

Home Rails showed some improvement, but based on a limited scale. American Rails were bought in expectations of a Bank statement and the ease of money in New York.

Canadian Railway issues also picked up. A bond of about £20,000 is expected on the Grand Trunk system on Monday.

South African shares were quite buoyant on the comparative scarcity of shares disclosed by the carry-over to-day. New Zealand and West Australian shares also took a turn for the better.

PREHISTORIC PEEPS.

Pocket Editions of Elephants and Eighty Feet Sharks.

Those whose knowledge of extinct animals is derived from Mr. E. T. Reed's "Prehistoric Peeps" might imagine that the weird and strange creatures which once had their abode on this planet were vastly bigger than those now to be seen in the Zoo.

The naturalist, grubbing up the bones of these bygone creatures knows better, and Professor Ray Lankester, at the Royal Institution on Saturday afternoon, declared that no extinct land animal had a bigger body than that of the biggest elephant that now roams the African jungle, and no sea monster exceeded or even equalled in bulk the great whales of to-day, which are occasionally 100 feet long.

The animal kingdom, at any rate, shows no sign of degeneracy. There were extinct elephants no bigger than Shetland ponies, and horses no larger than collie dogs. Throughout the ages hairy, warm-blooded animals have increased in size.

Fishes that Grow on Stalks.

There were exceptions. The old-time shark was 80 feet long, and the extinct giant sloths, kangaroos, and reptiles were bigger and more formidable than their living representatives. The ancient shark would be capable of taking three or four men into its mouth at once.

Some types of animal had persisted down the corridors of time, but others had come to a dead end. The tale of the stalked starfish sounded like a de Rougemont "true story," but Professor Director Lankester was quite serious over it. In the West Indies are starfish with long stalks (in extinct specimens sometimes 30 feet long), and the natives call them lily-fishes. At the end of the stalk grows the young fish, and when he is capable of supporting himself he breaks loose from the stalk and goes off on his own account.

When Vaughan Thompson found this out he told it to the Royal Society, but they laughed him to scorn and refused to publish his paper. Now all the world knows his statements to be quite correct. These strange fish are called "crinoids," and when you find an extinct specimen embedded in a piece of rock it looks for all the world like a flower.

GERMAN HABITS PREFERABLE.

The German methods of accommodating men in their naval barracks find more favour in the eyes of the United States Naval Board than British methods.

Commander Peary's investigations in Great Britain and Germany have now been followed by a recommendation that barracks should be constructed in the vicinity of New York and Chesapeake Bay, with the further recommendation that the German usage of hammocks is to be preferred instead of British cots, while separate halls for mess, drill, recreation, and dormitories are preferable to the British idea of eating, sleeping, and living in the same quarters.

"FOR THIS RELIEF, MUCH THANKS."

In the "Programm," an artists' periodical published in Germany, the following announcement appears.

"I beg to thank Mr. —, solicitor, for the promptness with which he has procured my decree of divorce.

(Signed) PAUL.—"

SOME SIDELIGHTS ON THE VIGOUR OF ANCIENT INDISCRETIONS.

LETTERS OF A PORTUGUESE NUN. Translated, with an introduction by Edgar Prestage. (Third edition.) (David Nutt.)

SIR GAWAIN AT THE GRAIL CASTLE. Translated by Jessie L. Weston, with designs by Caroline Watts. (David Nutt.)

THE FACE IN THE MIRROR. By Helen Mathers. (Digby, Long, and Co. 3s. 6d.)

Why is it that we of this twentieth century cannot succeed in being romantic enough? Is it not, possibly, because we will not dare to be bad enough?

This is, perhaps, a shocking question to have to ask, but it is one which is singularly suggested by some old-world romances that have just been brought to light again. The delightful old-world stories of which they are examples show just the kind of life that we are straining after, mildly and vainly, in our imaginations. Yet when we come to analyse that life of long ago, which was so much worth living—and so impossible for us ten-to-four people to live, even in thought—one finds that the whole basis of its charm was crime. Wild, unreasoning crime, but crime none the less!

The Love-Jorn Nun.

One of the little volumes of which we speak is, for instance, a daintily bound leather and gilt and silk-marked edition of those immortal confessions—"The Letters of a Portuguese Nun."

Why is it that the modern sentimental wish-wash of "An Englishwoman's Love-Letters" will probably be clean forgotten in a year or two, while these few pages of genuine, unholly passion, written nearly three centuries ago, have not only been the delight of irreverent generations, but earned the artistic sanction even of so scrupulous a critic as the late Mr. Gladstone himself?

Obviously, and solely, the explanation is to be found in their courage. Here was a woman

FATE OF "PICKWICK, M.P."

His Portrait Consigned to the Lumber Room.

A sad fate has overtaken Mr. Samuel Davies, who, from his appearance of having walked direct out of the pages of Dickens, has been christened "Pickwick, M.P."

Mr. Davies, who sits for Carmarthen Boroughs, has been in trouble with the Liberal executive of his constituency over the accusation of "undue influence" in the shape of gifts of cigars and payment of a committee of supporters.

Now the Llanelly Liberal Club has taken a severe step. On Saturday night—"amid cheers," says the reporter, malevolently—the portrait of the hon. member was removed from the wall of the billiard room and—oh, degradation!—"consigned to the lumber room."

The vacant place was filled by a portrait of Major Jones, who has been adopted as Labour candidate at the next election.

RUSH FOR MOTOR LICENCES IN SURREY.

In Surrey, the county famous for motor "traps," there has been a great rush at the last minute for licences. The County Council officials have, in fact, been unable to cope with them. Applicants who have not been provided as yet with distinguishing numbers are given a document which will protect them if they should be stopped on the road, but there is an understanding with the Metropolitan Police in Surrey and the Surrey County Constabulary that no action shall be taken until the Act has been several weeks in force.

Malapert motorists will perhaps suggest the mere Surrey police constable will be sorely distressed at this concession.

A SCIENTIST MAKES COAL.

A perfect substitute for coal! If the report that an American inventor has discovered this is true our landladies will be called upon to revise the traditional price of 6d. a scuttle, for the product is cheap.

Common dirt, it is stated, forms the base of the artificial fuel.

The artificial is said to produce a more intense heat and to be more lasting than the natural coal. It is attended by slight waste, a fine white substance being the only residue. It is smokeless, generates no gas, and, what is most gratifying, can be produced at less cost than the mere primary expense of carrying the natural product to the mouth of the mine.

BUNGALOWS IN ALDWYCH.

The "Morning Post" offices in the Strand are coming down; and while a new building is being considered and constructed the ladies who seek parlourmaids and the gentlemen who look for valets will have to take their advertisements to a quaint row of chalets now nearing completion in the new thoroughfare of Aldwych.

Quite picturesque and delightful is this line of bungalows designed with gables, "post and plaster" work, like the old Elizabethan Mermaid at Rye or Miss Marie Corelli's house at Stratford.

Soon a daily newspaper will be in full blast within these corrugated iron walls.

THE GIRL "NEWS-BOY."

Success or Failure?—Boys' Resent Competition.

The girl messenger brigade of the "Daily Paper" adds another to the list of feminist problems.

Enquiries as to how the new brigade is working elicited some widely different replies. "Excellent; doing admirably," enthusiastically exclaimed the manager of a south-eastern "centre."

"Very tiresome; make a difficulty about wearing their newspaper satchels," was a depressed answer received in the West.

At headquarters the discrepancy is attributed to varying degrees in the efficiency of organisation.

How does the newsboy take the invasion of his ancient rights? One of the genus, interviewed on the subject, at first confined himself to enigmatic grins. But on a hint of the girls' superior pay his pent-up feelings came out in a burst of indignation.

"They didn't oughter do the boys' work." A Bencher of Gray's Inn could not have put the case more forcibly.

"HONOURABLE EXCEPTIONS"?

Mr. Richard Bell, M.P., has written to the managing editor of the new paper called "The Tribune," and has offered him his whole-hearted support. There is, he says, a great need for a paper to represent the true side of things to the working man and democrats, "since Chamberlain has captured the whole of the Press of the country with a few honourable exceptions, particularly papers read by the working classes."

What change may Mr. Chamberlain be reasonably expected to ring on Mr. Bell?

MRS. BROWN-POTTER ROUSES OPPOSITION.

Mrs. Brown-Potter has had her heart's desire. On Saturday afternoon the Tivoli audience forced her to discontinue her fiscal recitation.

So far her chief complaint has been that she was reciting to an audience already convinced and that a little opposition would be welcome. On Saturday, however, her audience indulged freely in personal remarks, and, had Mrs. Brown-Potter not rung down the curtain, certain fiery spirits might have come to blows.

"Go it, old girl!" "Rot!" "Tommy rot!" "Fairplay!" "No politics here!" were heard on all sides, and the reciter's voice was drowned in an uproar that finally threatened to end in deeds of physical violence.

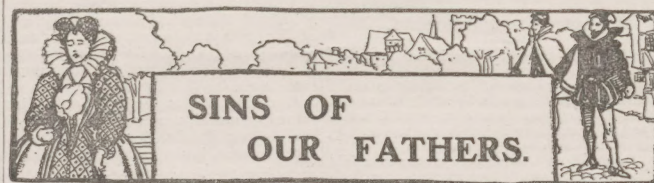
Mrs. Brown-Potter seemed to enjoy it immensely.

KAISER AND COUNCILLOR.

When the Kaiser next comes amongst us he will probably confer the Red Eagle Order or some similar decoration on a member of the Malden and Coombe Urban District Council, Surrey, who, in a discussion as to whether the Wellington-road of those parts should be renamed Waterloo-road, humorously suggested that it would be a great compliment to his Majesty and no expense to themselves were the road called after Blücher.

SIR SQUIRE BANCROFT AND THE CHILDREN.

Sir Squire Bancroft will give his only reading in London of Dickens's "Christmas Carol" this winter in aid of the Belgrave Children's Hospital on January 27. The Lord Mayor has given the use of the Egyptian Hall and promises to preside.



SINS OF OUR FATHERS.

who dared to be a sinner exceedingly—dared, not out of calculation or indifference, but through the sheer impetus and vigour of her temperament.

Moreover, hers was an age of faith. We, in this easy-going time can hardly conceive the odium and despair in this life, the horrors of the life to come, and the agonies of remorse which the ill-fated Marianna seems to have been prepared to endure for the sake of her fatal love.

Take such passages as these:—

You overcame me with your assidues, you kindled my passions with your transports, your tenderness fascinated me, your vows assured me, but it was the violence of my own love that led me astray; and this beginning, at once so sweet and so happy, has left nothing behind it but tears, sighs, and a wretched death.

Yet I do not complain. I have grown so zealous of my passion that methinks all my actions and all my duties have regard to you. Yes, I have scruples in not employing every moment of my life for you. Ah! what should I do without the extremities of hate and love which fill my heart?

Goodbye. I think I speak too often to you of my insufferable state, yet I thank you for the bottom of my heart for the despair which you cause me, and I hate the peace I lived in before I knew you.

Compare the plight of this impious nun with that of the comfortable woman of to-day who drugs herself to death for sheer ennui! The

average modern woman would probably go into a consumption and die after a year of Marianna's experiences. Yet Marianna lived till she was eighty-two—fifty years of mental agony and remorse! That was romance.

The Angel Unawares.

And now let us turn to a very different kind of romance. The romance of the Arthurian legends. Even they are tales of desperate romance, a fact which people are curiously prone to forget in their talk about "those beautiful myths." They talk, in just the same way, about the "tenderness and purity" of Spenser's "Faerie Queene," practically every page of which has its record of carnage or of lust!

So also with King Arthur. Even the volume before us is a case in point, though it does not deal with the loves of Lancelot and Guinevere, but with the exploits of the worthier Sir Gawain in the quest of the Holy Grail.

The story actually opens with a quite gratuitous and incidental crime by way of entertainment. A knight unknown happened to pass the Queen's pavilion in the distance, without turning aside to pay her his respects. Kay, the seneschal, "pricks" after him.

But even as the knight saw him coming, he spurred his steed, and smote him so fiercely that

TIPS FROM THE PLANETS.

How to be Lucky in Love and War.

If Japan wishes to start well in her war with Russia she will strike either between midnight and one o'clock on Tuesday next, or between eight and nine a.m., or between four and five p.m., on the same day.

These are the fortunate hours of Mars on Mars' own day. To be doubly certain her luck will follow her Japan may tune her band instruments to Mars' note, the note of G. In fact, as the Yankees say, she must be "Way up in G" all day.

Red, of course, is the Martian colour, and nine is the Martian number.

Should a cross-eyed man of medium stature who has been refused for the military play on the red and nine at Monte Carlo every Tuesday for nine months at the house named, watch him. The combination of his military history with the correct colour and number will ensure success for someone.

Advice to Bald Lovers.

No one ought to start out in life without making sure that his actions correspond with his lucky hours. Let no man select the profession of a drunkard except on a Monday. Between nine and ten on that day you may ask a favour of the senior magistrate at the street. If you are lucky he will make it optional.

If you are hunting for radium choose the hours of Jupiter on any Thursday. The planet is favourable to enterprises connected with tin and silver.

Are you a poor, bald man in love? Write your letters at the hour of Mercury on Friday, Venus day, and don't forget the sun. The planet also governs wig-makers and the copper market. Any difficulty raised by a lady may be overcome by the liberal use of Tatcho and the discovery of a copper mine.

All these things are true. Behold, there is to be found in "Fortunate," the wisdom of O Hashnu Hara, and if you don't like the way you may write to the Apocalyptic Publishers Company and tell them so.

YEOMAN ARISTOCRACY.

An original ceremony has just taken place at Dunkirk, France.

The Agricultural Society of Flanders presented prizes to tenant farmers whose families had held the same piece of land for the longest period. It was found that in ten cases the title deeds went back to the seventeenth century, and in forty to the eighteenth.

One candidate held the same farm which his ancestors had cultivated since the year of the death of Henri IV. of France.

DOG GETS A LIFE SENTENCE.

A judge in an American court has been sitting in judgment on a dog. With delicate seriousness Carlo, an eight-month-old dog, Bernard, was tried for the murder of three sheep in New York State.

The pup had the advantage of all the rights of an American citizen, but his defence, an alibi, failed, and Carlo has been sent to the penal kennel for life.

WAR OFFICE TAKES 46 YEARS' CREDIT.

After forty-six years the Chatham Army and Navy Veterans' Association have obtained from the widow of an Indian Mutiny veteran the husband's share of the Lucknow prize money.

Kay bent backward over his saddle-bow and to the ground, feet in air; but little he had been slain, so hardly did he fall!

Kay, however, recovered himself, with the result that a little later the unknown knight fell forward upon the neck of his charger, and therewith the blood gushed forth, and he smitten through the body with the east wind javelin.

They found afterwards that the poor knight, known was, after all, a "wise and courteous knight," who intended no harm to anyone, wherefore the Queen "wept for anger and bitter sorrow."

One will notice that there is only the difference of actual manslaughter between this engaging story and the British working "Oo's that? Stranger? 'Eave 'alf a bawd at 'im!" But that little difference makes romance.

"Two Sinners."

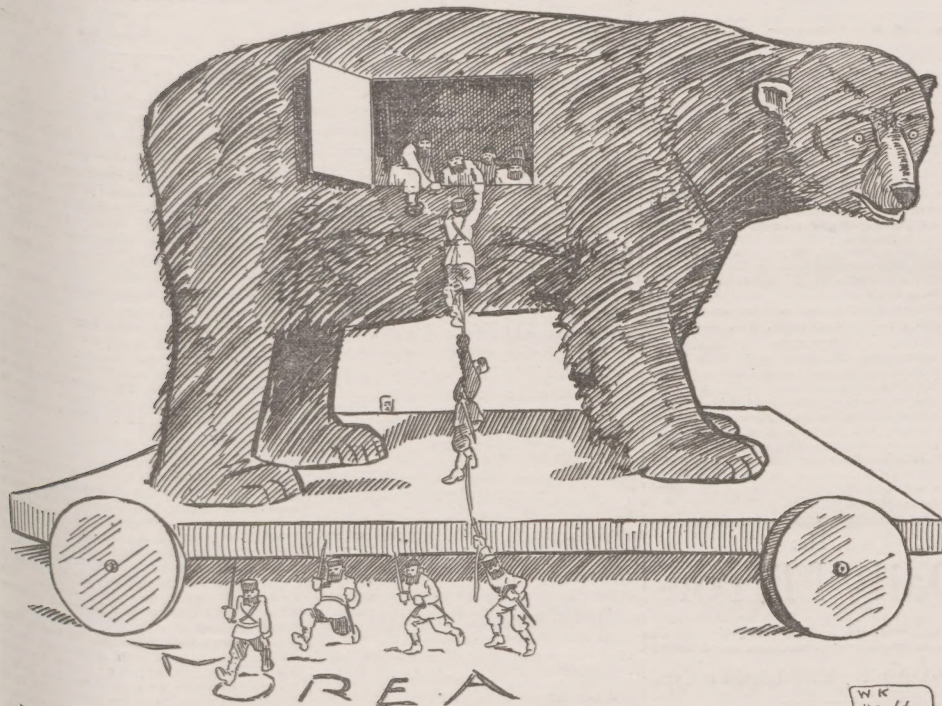
In short, a generation which cannot greatly and greatly repent is incapable of romance. And that is, to a great extent, our case. Our vices are, for the most part, cowardly, and indolent. Romance exists for us amongst those simple-minded folk who believe in good and do wrong.

This is shown in a thousand ways, and it is so particularly well by a volume of stories by Helen Mathers that arrives this week. The upper class yarns are poor, and little pieces of ingenuity, but there is one tale of a fishing village that shows how the old-fashioned style of thing still lingers in lower classes. A man and woman were seen one Sunday in the little church.

Both, alas! had fallen, the one in secret, the other in the sight of God and man; and they came here humbly, as sinners, to sit before the pale of the righteous and endure the stare of scornful, because in their simple hearts they worshipped even though they sinned.

That is from a story called "Two Sinners" and that, too, is romance.

THE BEAR WITH THE OPEN DOOR—VIRGIL UP-TO-DATE.



Virgil relates that Ulysses had a monster wooden horse made, and gave out that it was an offering to the gods. The Trojans dragged the horse within their walls, but found to their cost that it was full of Grecian soldiers, who at night stole from their place of concealment, slew the Trojan guards, opened the city gates, and set fire to Troy.



In Town and Country.

The King is said to have the finest private collection of guns in the world, though he himself generally uses a plain, unornamented gun with a light pull on the left trigger. The room at Sandringham is a big, cheery room, with cases containing guns of every known make and variety. Many of these are presents, including the magnificent carved double-barrelled gun, the gift of the King of the Belgians.

Prince Arthur of Connaught arrived by the Dunvegan Castle at Southampton on Saturday. His attack of dysentery has been much relieved by the voyage home. He is with his father at Clarence House, and will leave for Ireland to-morrow.

The Mayor of Kingston-on-Thames has agreed a fund for a wedding gift to Princess Alice, which will be presented on behalf of that town. The residents and the tradesmen of Esher are also subscribing together to give the Princess a handsome present.

It seems that the Dowager Duchess Letitia of Aosta has inherited all the wonderful jewels of her aunt, the late Princess Mathilde of Saxe-Coburg, whilst her Imperial Highness has the rest of her estate in money to her favourite nephew, Prince Victor Napoleon. There are several other legacies. The rental she had goes back to his family. Her estate is valued at about £80,000, a very nice addition to the income of Prince Louis Napoleon, who has inherited been somewhat short of money.

Lord Braybrooke, who is lying so seriously ill at Cambridge, is a clergyman peer, who has been Master of Magdalene College, Cambridge, for fifty years. In his youth he was a great cricketer and a member of the Eton works, somewhat neglecting his legitimate time to distinguish himself at Cambridge, and became a Fellow of Magdalene College in 1849. Lord Braybrooke is the master of Audley End, the splendid old place in Essex, of which James I. said: "It is too much for a King, though it may be very well for a Lord Treasurer."

Mr. G. Bernard Shaw (one of the candidates for South St. Pancras at the forthcoming L.C.C. elections) is widely known as a man who does nothing for the conventionalities; but his friends were surprised to find that he had taken some five years ago, was conducted to the place at a London registry office in the presence of the immediate relatives, the bridegroom, accompanied by a friend, being dressed in a suit obviously not cut by Poole,

while his flannel shirt and the hat which crowned his costume were as unlike the garb of the ordinary bridegroom as they could well be. So much so, indeed, that the registrar, glancing at the assembled group, inquired which was the gentleman he was to marry. The brief ceremony ended, the party repaired to Mr. Shaw's apartments, when his sister, Miss Lucy Shaw, of light opera fame, played the Wedding March, and that, observed one of the guests afterwards, was the sole touch of religion or tradition associated with the marriage.

"The Twins," otherwise Lord Hugh Cecil and Mr. Winston Churchill, known also as "Hughligans" and members of the Fourth Party, are running well together in harness. On the 27th of this month they will speak on the Fiscal Question at the Worcester Chamber of Commerce, and on the 30th, under the auspices of the Young Scots Society, The Twins will deliver speeches at the Palace Theatre in Aberdeen. For this event they will be the guests of Lord and Lady Aberdeen at Haddo House.

"In the allusions made in the Press to the late Lord Haldon," writes a correspondent, "I have seen no mention of the very curious nickname he bore—that of 'Piggy' Falk. It was, I believe, given to him at Eton, when a wag, struck by the pronunciation of his surname, which is spoken 'Pork,' immediately added the prefix, which stuck to him all through his life."

Apocryphos of this, many well-known people in society have a nick-name, and some of these are very apt as well as amusing. The Duchess of Devonshire, whose devotion to Bridge has almost become a joke, is known as "Ponte Vecchio." When Mrs. George Cornwallis West married her present husband, who is so many years her junior, she was facetiously called "The Baby Snatcher"; while Lady Wimborne, whose four daughters married almost in their first season, was known at one time as "The Compleat Angler." Other names are even less complimentary. Mr. Dudley Marjoribanks is nick-named "Beef," chiefly on account of his appearance; Lord Charles Montagu is "The Snake"; Mr. "Chris" Murieta, "The Caterpillar"; Captain Ronald Greville, "The Satan"; and Lord Yarmouth, "The Bloater."

Mr. Alfred Rothschild is very fond of his name, "Mr. A.," and Lord Buchan, so small in stature, but always so beautifully turned out, is "P.A." or "Pocket Adonis." Mr. Harry Stonor, who is a Groom-in-Waiting to the King, is "Apollo," and very proud of the designation; while Captain Seymour Fortescue is "Commodore," and Sir Schomberg McDonnell, "Pom."

Poor Mascagni, who is said to have expressed himself as "having closed his shop,"

and his intention not to compose again, after speaking in Venice, was one day sitting in his study trying to compose, when an organ-grinder took up a position just underneath his window, and began to play the Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana." Mascagni endured the murdering of his composition as long as he could, but finally he went to the window and explained to the delighted street musician where to play softly, where loud, where to slow down, and where to hurry on. The man thanked him with overflowing Italian courtesy and took his departure. The next day he again made his appearance beneath the windows of Pietro Mascagni, this time wearing a placard with the proud inscription, "Pupil of Mascagni." There is no denying that "fools rush in where angels fear to tread."

Anyone who had looked in at the Court Theatre yesterday afternoon would have found a pleasing sight. "Snowdrop" and the "Fairy Queen," with the assistance of the management, were "at home" to their young friends, and on the stage were two long tables, where the children enjoyed an excellent repast. An entertainment followed, when Mr. Garland delighted children and grown-ups equally by his clever conjuring feats, and both the Fairy Queen and the Dancing Fairy sang and danced most daintily. "Snowdrop" and "Brer Rabbit" are drawing crowded houses every afternoon, and have proved a genuine success.

A fascinating exhibition is being held in St. Petersburg, known as the "Exposition Mignonne," and which, one imagines, under another name, might have a great success here in London. Pictures, not one larger than a postcard, and some but a square inch in size, cover the walls of the exhibition. The pretty Russian women walk round with magnifying glasses in hand, intent on the scrutiny of the *tableautins*, as they are called, and the demand for these "miniature affairs"—I quote Mr. W. S. Gilbert—has been immense, scarcely one remaining unsold. Magnifying glasses, I will add, are to be had on the spot, and no extra charge is made by the management for lending them.

No songs have a greater popularity nowadays than those of clever Miss Teresa Del Riego, and all admirers of her celebrated "Oh, Dry Those Tears" will be glad to hear that she has just published six new songs that will certainly win equally enthusiastic applause. Mr. Kennerley Rumford is just now making a great success with her "Rest Thee, Sad Heart," Miss Muriel Foster with "Where Love Has Been," and Miss Marie Tempest and Miss Percival Allen are both singing "The Breeze and the Scarf."

Miss Del Riego, who is Spanish by birth, but has lived all her life in England, has been publishing for about five years now, and she is herself a very artistic singer, which probably accounts for all that she writes being exceptionally vocal and effective for the voice. When the Crown Princess of Roumania and her sister, Princess Beatrice of Coburg, were in town last season, Miss Del Riego sang several of her songs to them, and they accepted copies of each, "The Slave Song" being a special favourite with both Princesses.

FAMOUS SINGER DEAD.

HOW ANTOINETTE STERLING ONCE CHEERED A SHOPFUL OF TIRED MILLINERS.

Madame Antoinette Sterling's death will be deeply regretted by all who knew her or came into contact with her, for her acts of kindness and unostentatious charity endeared her to many. She was ever ready to help at any entertainment for charitable purposes, and was a woman of many and varied interests.

She was a staunch teetotaler and an earnest advocate of woman's suffrage. Although a descendant of a Quaker family, she only joined that sect late in life. Her public profession being opposed to the tenets of their simple doctrine, "the Society of Friends" did not admit her as a member for some years, though she was a constant worshipper at their meeting-house in St. Martin's-lane.

When she joined the Quakers she said she should always choose a song that might teach a lesson or point a moral when singing in public.

She took a deep interest in all the questions which have agitated the leading women of the day; she was an eloquent and most impressive speaker, and was chosen (in spite of her American birth) to represent the feminine musical world at the International Congress in London, when she, in conjunction with several other leading singers, joined in the discussion, and said that she felt proud to have been the pioneer in England of the singing of songs by Liszt; in fact, she claimed that the appreciation of German music by English people was largely due to her singing German songs.

Sullivan and "The Lost Chord."

Once she was at a milliner's, and she was choosing a hat, when she said, in her impulsive way: "You look so tired. Shall I sing you a song?" Thereupon she sang in her grand, impressive style, "O, rest in the Lord," and presently a little crowd gathered outside the shop in wonderment at the beautiful sounds heard from within.

Mme. Sterling's husband, Mr. Mackinlay, used to suggest to his wife the songs she should sing, and on one occasion he read the poem "The Lost Chord." He was very much impressed with the words, and said: "If it were only set to appropriate music, what a fine song it would make for you!" Mme. Sterling was also delighted with the words, and sent them to Sir Arthur Sullivan, who, in putting to them the well-known melody, wrote perhaps the most popular thing he ever composed.

There is one story she was never tired of repeating and this was of one of her favourite



MADAME ANTOINETTE STERLING.
Who died early yesterday morning.

songs, "The Three Fishers." At Kingsley's own house Mme. Sterling was asked to sing, and gave this song, her rendering of which so affected the composer that he burst into tears and left the room.

Prisoner's Lucky Release.

Another proof of her strong personality was shown some years ago when she was in Australia. On being told that the prisoners at Adelaide were anxious to hear her sing, she at once went to their chapel, where some four hundred criminals were awaiting her. Whilst singing a hymn to them she noticed an old man with a noble face, who was under a life sentence. In a commanding voice she called out "Open the gate," and the warder obeyed. Putting her hand on the old man's shoulder, she bade him go, saying, "God is not like man. Jesus said: 'Go, and sin no more.'" And he was allowed to go free!

Madame Sterling had a great objection to black, and though in earlier years she usually preferred red to any other colour, in later years she wore simpler shades. She was once commanded before the late Queen while the Court was in mourning, and she agreed to go in black on one condition. "Everybody who appears before the Queen has, I know, to wear a low bodice. The Quakers do not wear low-necked gowns, and I am a Quaker." Queen Victoria sent word that "Madame Sterling might wear any sort of dress she liked."

AMUSEMENTS.

HAYMARKET. COUSIN KATE.
TOD-NIGHT at 9.
Proceeds at 5.50 for THE WIDOW WOOS.
MATINEE WEDNESDAYS and SATURDAYS, at 2.30.

HIS MAJESTY'S. MR. TREE.
TOD-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.15.

THE DARLING OF THE GODS.
By David Belasco and John Luther Long.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.15.
Box Office (Mr. Watts) open daily, 10 to 10.

IMPERIAL THEATRE. MR. LEWIS WALLER.
MONSIEUR BEAUCAIRE.
LAST WEEKS. LAST WEEKS.
TOD-NIGHT and EVERY EVENING, at 8.50.
MATINEE EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY, 2.30.
Box Office 10 to 10.

MR. GEORGE ALEXANDER. ST. JAMES'S.
MR. ALEXANDER will make his RE-APPEARANCE
on MONDAY EVENING, Jan. 12, when the run of OLD
HEIDELBERG will be resumed.

PERSONAL.

SILVER and JEWELS bought for cash—Catchpole and
Williams, 610, Oxford-street, London, W., are prepared
to purchase second-hand plate and jewels to any amount.
Articles sent from the country receive immediate atten-
tion.

BRIDGE—Barton's Problem Diagram (Copyright)—Pad, 60
Diagrams, in post free, Ready at 2s. 6d. Collectively.
MAN wants but little here below. Woman must have
HEDGE's, you know.

HIND'S HAIR DYE, 6d. Essential new style coiffure.
SEEGER'S—The safe hair dye for home use.

SEEGER'S HAIR DYE.

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SEEGER'S is indispensible natural in shade, non-
injurious, washable, and permanent. Its sale is TEN
TIMES that of all foreign hair dyes collectively.
Medical guarantee with each bottle. Shade
required. Bottles 2s., packed plain wrapper, post free,
2s. 2d. Trial Bottle, post free, 7d.

SEEGER'S HAIR DYE.

SEEGER'S HAIR DYE.

HIND'S (Curlers), LTD., 1, Tabernacle-street, London.

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PARIS OFFICE: 25, Rue Talbott.

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The *Daily Mirror* is sent direct by post to any part of
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cludes postage), payable in advance; or it is sent for
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the outside envelope. It is imperative that all manu-
scripts should have the writer's name and address written
on the first and last pages of the manuscript, not on
fly-leaf only, nor in the letter that may possibly accom-
pany the contribution.

The
Daily Mirror.

MONDAY, JANUARY 11, 1904.

TO-DAY'S REFLECTIONS.

Destiny and the Duke.

The "linked dulness long drawn-out" of
the Russo-Japanese negotiations makes it
difficult to keep a fresh edge on one's in-
terest in the Far Eastern situation. For the
past week telegrams have told us day after
day that war was "coming nearer," was
"inevitable," was "on the point of breaking
out," was "as close as it could possibly be,"
until the Plain Man impatiently turns away
from Far Eastern news and looks for some
other sensation.

This morning he may get a mild thrill out
of the fact that the Duke of Devonshire has
finally read himself out of the Liberal
Unionist Party. No doubt the Duke would
say that he is still a Liberal Unionist—that
it is not he who has left his Party, but his
Party who have left him. That, however,
is a matter of words. Whatever it may be
called, the Liberal Unionist Party repre-
sents an idea, and at present that idea is
the idea of Fiscal Reform. By setting his
face against Fiscal Reform the Duke there-
fore ceases to belong to the Liberal Unionist
Party, just as, when he set his face against
the idea of Home Rule, he ceased to be a
member of the Liberal Party of that day.

There are now only two courses open to
him—either to retire from politics (which, in
his seventy-first year, a man may do with
a good grace enough), or else to rejoin the
Liberal Party, which, as we said on Satur-
day, would have the effect of breaking that
Party up and helping to put an end to our
effete and dangerous Party system. Every-
one sees the harm done by this system. It
robs statecraft of sincerity; makes politi-
cians pusillanimous; subordinates national
interests to the petty issues of personal
success; and fills the House of Commons
with men who are no more fit to make laws
than a camel is to drive a railway engine.

The party system and the shoddy re-
mnants of feudal aristocracy which still linger
on amongst us are the two greatest obstacles
to that regeneration of Britain which is our
only hope of lasting out the next half-cen-
tury. If we are content with governments
that do not govern, statesmen who have
never had a policy, politicians whose chief
aim is to do as little as possible for fear
of raising questions which might disturb
their security with their constituents—if we
put up with these much longer, Britain's
hour will have struck.

It would be curious if the Duke of Devon-
shire, who has been so long a pillar both of

the Party system and of the fast-dying
feudal aristocracy, should be the agent se-
lected by Destiny to involve them in a com-
mon ruin.

THE GOSPEL OF GOLD.

Mr. T. E. Page, of Charterhouse, has
just been giving the world a word of advice
on education, evolved from the memories
and experience of a long and honourable
career as a schoolmaster. With much of it
agreement is perfectly easy. His contention
that the whole fabric of education rests upon
the teacher is one of those simple facts
which too many people overlook. That
the teacher should be able to teach has not
always been recognised as a condition neces-
sary to success in the choosing of a school-
master. It has sufficed in some schools
that he should be in holy orders; in others
that he should be a good cricketer.

So far we walk with Mr. Page. But
when he proceeds at once to the theory that
the teacher should have better pay we are
disposed to turn and run the other way.
One of the most fallacious and dishonour-
able features of the age is the incessant cry
of "Give, give." Not in the schools alone,
but in every department of life, in national
government, in religious and philanthropic
work, this same cry for more money, and
again more money, drowns every other plea.
What has become of the national stamina
when the gospel of work is so hopelessly
overwhelmed by the gospel of gold?

Whenever we want a reform, or an ad-
vance, in any direction a bland official
steps in with, "My dear sirs, give us more
money, and we shall be delighted to do it."
Slums cannot be obliterated without money;
unnecessary public-houses cannot be sup-
pressed without money; even the Church,
which has so long existed on faith and good
works, now demands "money in advance,"
and advertises its willingness to pay salaries
to young men who will take up the profes-
sion of saving the souls of the slum-dwellers.

Every man should be paid to the full
value of his services. It does not pay to
"muzzle the ox which treads out the corn."
But the continual din of "Give, give," the
cry for "Gold, more gold," is most perni-
ciously affecting a race which once held
firmly to the ideal that only by a man
putting forth the best that is in him, irre-
spective of reward, could the highest success
be attained.

THE RED PILLAR-BOX.

Sixty-four years ago yesterday the penny
post came into existence, and with it a new
era in the life of the civilised world. If we
had as a people any gift of imagination, there
would be at least one small sect in England
ready to date the birth of progress and its
own calendar from the tenth of January,
1840. It was a momentous day for England
when the first penny stamp franked a letter
from London to Leeds. For the post
brought the ends of the country together,
and made all England neighbours.

How many people consider the daily
miracle of letter posting? Without a mis-
giving as to its ultimate fate they drop their
letter into the red box. The secrets of their
lives, their fortunes, and their fate may be
in it, may hang upon the contingency of
its safe carriage and delivery. "Sixty-four
years ago" lies within the memories of so
many living. Is it not worth the while of a
few of us to stop a moment in the rush of
twentieth-century life and make a solemn
salute to the red pillar-box?

MARTYRS, ANCIENT AND MODERN.

A suburban resident, who went to prison for non-
payment of the Education rate, has just been released
from gaol. He was received with ringing cheers,
and stated that he had been very comfortable in
prison, was given tea in the afternoon, and meat for
dinner, and had been treated with kindness by the officials.

O, ye who praise the olden days
And mourn the dismal present,
Ye must allow the martyr now
Has treatment far more pleasant.
In days of yore a martyr's gore
The roaring lions fattened;
But now he's prized and lionised,
And on the back well padded.
They used to make a Smithfield stake
For heretic contrary;
A Smithfield steak and tea and cake
Now soothe his "little Mary."

H. H.

FRIENDSHIP v.
POLITICS.A PLEASANT ASPECT OF ENGLISH
POLITICAL LIFE.

That pleasant feature of our party system
which keeps personal friendship above and
apart from political asperities was finely ex-
emplified at Chatsworth last week, when Mr.
Balfour was the guest of the Duke of Devon-
shire.

It is but a few weeks ago since the Duke
left Mr. Balfour's Government, and declared
his opposition to the policy of the Prime
Minister. The occasion was taken by Mr.
Balfour to write a letter of fierce rebuke and
flaming indignation such as a leader has sel-
dom inflicted on a rebellious supporter.

The Duke replied in kind at the Queen's
Hall, taunting Mr. Balfour with abdicating,
and scoffing at his attempt "to lead." That
was in November; in January all these hard
words are forgotten, and Mr. Balfour goes to
stay with the Duke and to play golf on his
green.

Memories of Old Days.

The personality of Mr. Balfour is so win-
ning that one does not marvel greatly at recon-
ciliation in his case. His political opponents
entertain as warm affection for him as do his
own followers; no members of the House of
Commons like him better than the House of
Nationalists whom he once cast into prison.

The same sort of friendship links the
front bench men across the Speaker's table.
Sir William Harcourt and Mr. Chamberlain
are old personal friends, and though they are
hard things of each other as politicians, they
are the best of friends, and the one occasion-
ally visits the other. Mr. John Morley has
old companionship with Mr. Chamberlain has
withstood all the differences of eighteen years.
They never use harsh epithets of one another.

At Manchester, when Mr. Morley made his
chief attack on the new policy, he used a
single word in disparagement of Mr. Cham-
berlain; he hardly mentioned his name. Next
day Mr. Chamberlain replied in the same
spirit at Newcastle. He flouted and laughed
at other Liberal leaders whom he named, but
to Mr. John Morley he only alluded kindly
and regretfully as "that great statesman who
spoke last night."

Private Relations Unchanged.

Mr. Gladstone was the grand exponent of
this fine feeling, and members of Parliament
recall how gracefully he congratulated his
chief and most dangerous opponent when
Austen Chamberlain made his maiden speech.
"Such eloquence and promise must be grate-
ful to a father's heart" was the gist of his
compliment, and the asperities of years melted
and vanished.

Mr. Chamberlain's relations with Mr.
Ritchie last session may be supposed to have
been "strained" after the incidents of the
Budget debates. Yet it was quite a comfort-
ing sight of an afternoon to see them sitting
by side chatting gaily and laughing at each
other's jokes in the most exuberant fashion of
friendship.

One must not take all the thunder and mal-
dictions of the platform as the expression of
more than political differences. In the lower
say, on the part of the leaders; in the lower
ranks personalities may count for more as the
importance of the person becomes less.

HOW JOAN OF ARC WAS DRESSED.

Apologies of the approaching canonisation
of Joan of Arc, the Archæological Society of
Brussels has published authentic details as to
the costume which "La Pucelle" received at
her entry into Orleans on April 29, 1429.

The archives of the town record that the
Duke of Orleans sent his treasurer to the
heroic maid with the gift of a complete suit of
crimson Brussels cloth, with a mantle of green
faced with white silk, and a stuff dyed with
sandal wood, as well as half an ell of cloth
bordering for its further enrichment. Crim-
son and green were chosen as they were the
Duke's own colours.

The bill for this brave raiment was 3
scudos for two ells of red cloth, 2 scudos for
the lining, and two for the ell of green cloth,
and one scudo for Jehan Bourgeois, the tailor
who fashioned it.

"WELL PLAYED, WICKHAM."

"What this parish really wants is a cure
with a good break to the off," once wrote a
country vicar.

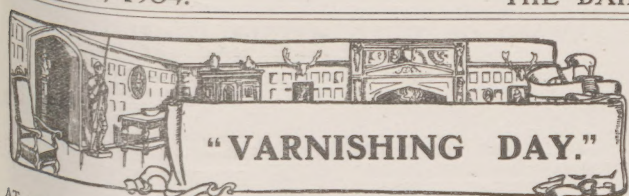
Even those who do not regard first-class
cricket form as essential in a clergyman may
be glad to hear that the Rev. A. P. Wickham
vicar of Martock, the well-known Somerset
wicket-keeper, has been presented by the
Bishop of Bath and Wells to a prebendal
stall in Wells Cathedral.

Let us hope that in this 1924 "Bishops and
better things, and that in 1924 "Bishops and
deans v. the Rest of Crockford" will be an
annual event.

MUSCULAR CHRISTIANS.

A Sheffield vicar and his two curates have
been hard at work, with pickaxe and spade
roadmaking.

Relief works have been opened for the un-
employed, and the clergymen took a holiday
just to see whether the work was really
severe. They found the labour rather easier
than they expected, though it blistered their
hands.



AT THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION
WHICH OPENS TO-MORROW AT
THE NEW GALLERY.

A little man—quite little—with fine, rugged features, and a long, ragged beard, the sturdy frame of a Norman peasant, and the oddest patent leather boots, gnarled and lumpy like a fragment of his own sculpture—that was M. Rodin at the New Gallery on Saturday afternoon.

Very active he was—here, there, and everywhere; scarcely anyone came in without asking at once in a loud whisper, "Is Rodin here?" and the answer always was "Oh, yes; but I don't know where."

The Artists.

There were all sorts of other more or less distinguished people about, too, though the artists were not "varnishing" or touching up their pictures. Most of them turned up in the regulation frock coat and top hat of the "private view," and, indeed, this "Varnishing Day" was exceedingly like an ordinary private view in all its aspects.

What strikes the casual visitor to this third exhibition of the International Society of Sculptors, Painters, and Gravers is its foreign air compared with the usual London exhibition, as exemplified by the Royal Academy, for example. What a strange entertaining collection! Clearly from the mere look of the place it is evident that the Gallery is held by a foreign garrison. Cottet, Sauter, Zuloaga, Anglada, Vierge, Troubetskoy, Rodin—the alien, indeed, is upon us.

An Insinuating Way.

The show is in many ways attractive. Almost every other exhibit says something to you, and says it usually in a light and easy fashion. This art has an insinuating way with it. It taps you on the shoulder, and says "Look here." The looking is a pleasant operation, and going round the exhibition is enjoyable rather than fatiguing, an entertainment rather than a grind. This makes the invasion but

the more dangerous, and we may be thankful for the vigilance of the Royal Academy that excepting for a few people like Bouguereau (not dangerous) keeps the seductive foreigner out.

Not that, on looking at them closely these attractive pictures are all by foreigners. On the contrary; indeed, the majority are by natives of the British Isles, but they are none the less exotic in flavour, not the less different from the sort of thing you see at the R.A.

Whistler's Supreme Merit.

Nothing is more noticeable than the frank self-confidence of the exhibitors. If they enjoy their own antics they are sure you will be pleased. They call out to you to watch. Their art is a public one. The typical British artist is self-effacing, serious—would like to live, but is half afraid of being seen, like the old lady hawking in the streets and keenly sensible of having come down in the world. "Hot trotters, any hot trotters," she cried. "Oh, I hope no one hears me."

Something New in Painting.

The late president, Mr. Whistler, is represented by three works. I was talking the other day to a friend of the late Albert Moore and himself a painter of some flavour, who had attacked Mr. Moore one day with the question of why he thought so highly of Whistler.

"Well," said Mr. Moore, "he has brought something new into painting. You see that glass of flowers on the table. Now, suppose I place beside it a vase of artificial flowers. They are very well done, very like the others, as like as a painting is likely to be, only they lack a certain ultimate impalpable delicacy. Whistler's work, at whatever cost of those other qualities, achieves that one—the one exactly that distinguishes the living thing."

A New Sensation.

M. Rodin is not represented quite worthily. Though he has several pieces on show, none of them quite represent his art at its very highest. Nevertheless, they are all of a



M. RODIN IN HIS STUDIO.

The famous French sculptor first works out his ideas in modelling wax. The heavy work of chiselling the marble is done by a staff of clever assistants.

quality far beyond anything that is being done by anyone else anywhere in the present age. There is a striking piece of sculpture by Mr. Derwent Wood, which was pronounced on Saturday by more than one critic to be the very finest piece of work produced by any Englishman of our time.

Among the pictures, the works of the two Spanish painters, Anglada and Zuloaga, were attracting a great deal of attention. Some said, "How beautiful! What perfect art!" Everybody said, "How extraordinary! How different!" And they certainly do provide an entirely new sensation for the casual picture-seer.

Mr. Lavery has some pleasant work, and the Glasgow school is very well represented. Every other person in the gallery on Saturday had a strong Scotch accent.

Mixed up with much work that is serious and genuine and good there are curious eccentricities and lapses of taste, such as the schoolboy indecencies of M. Felicien Rops; or the shoddy sentimentalism of Franz Stuck.

But no doubt these will be suitably dealt with in the critical article upon the show which will appear on Wednesday, the day after the exhibition opens to the public, by my art-critical colleague.

To-night there is a reception in the galleries, and the fashionable world will then have its advance look at the walls, as the favoured friends of the artists had on Saturday afternoon.

NOT UNEMPLOYED.

No Lack of Work for High Court Judges Next Term.

The Hilary Sittings begin to-day; there is a heavy list of actions entered for trial, and not an excessive number of Judges to deal with it. This morning, for instance, out of the ten King's Bench Judges available, three, including the Lord Chief Justice, are composing a Divisional Court; while Mr. Justice Bigham will be busy with the Whitaker Wright trial all the week.

But the Divorce Court is the one where the outlook is most ominous. The President, who was absent nearly all of last term, has not recovered his health sufficiently to be able to take his seat. While much sympathy is felt for Sir Francis Jeune under the circumstances, a very decided opinion is growing up in legal circles that the business of the Division cannot continue to be thus delayed.

Cases of general interest include the following actions for alleged libel: E. Underwood and Son v. E. Lloyd, Ltd.; Dakhyll v. Labouchere; Birrell v. Dale; and De Keyser, Chaltin, and Dubrenq v. Burrows and others.

Of course the cause célèbre of the Hilary Sittings leads off the list this morning, when Mr. Whitaker Wright takes his trial before Mr. Justice Bigham and a special jury. The criminal charge against Mr. Wright is of having falsified balance-sheets in his capacity as managing director of the London and Globe Finance Corporation, Limited. The defendant was committed to take his trial at the Old Bailey; but the venue was moved, on his application, to the Royal Courts in the Strand, mainly on account of the complicated nature of the case.

Mr. Whitaker Wright's defence has been entrusted to Mr. Lawson Walton, K.C., and Mr. Muir. The prosecution, which is instituted by the Official Receiver, is in the hands of Mr. Rufus Isaacs, K.C., and Mr. Avory, K.C. The trial is calculated to last a week.

"SHAMROCK" FOR GERMANY.

Mr. Fife, of Fairlie, the designer of the Shamrock, has designed a racing yacht for a German owner. She is to be stoutly framed for ocean voyages. An English skipper and crew have been engaged.

POLICE TO WEAR A CROWN.

The Chief Commissioner of the Metropolitan Police, Mr. E. R. Henry, has relieved the tension of feeling between his chief-inspectors and their sub-divisional subordinates. Since Sir Charles Warren had the silver fern leaf taken from the inspectors' collars there has been nothing, to distinguish the various grades. Now the order is, chief-inspector, a silver crown; sub-divisional, a star.



VARNISHING DAY AT THE NEW GALLERY.

On Saturday, M. Rodin was conspicuous among the crowd of art lovers at the new International Exhibition.

		(Piano accompaniment.)					
1224	Cavatina "Faust"	-	-	-	-	-	Gounod.
1225	Serenade	-	-	-	-	-	Sepilli.
1226	Aria "Il Barbieri de Seville"	-	-	-	-	-	Rossini.
1227	Toreador Song "Carmen"	-	-	-	-	-	Bizet.



THAT RUSSIAN PRINCE AGAIN!

"JOHN STRANGE WINTER'S" DRAWING-ROOM MELODRAMA AT THE COURT.

There are times when one is led to expect a stroke of ingenuity that does not unfortunately arrive. That is the nearest sensation to anything approaching entertainment occasioned by the third-rate drawing-room melodrama for which "John Strange Winter" owns himself in part responsible at the Court Theatre.

A Russian Prince (Mr. Edward O'Neill), who is also a diplomatist and has a Princess (Miss Margaret Halstan), makes an Englishwoman (Miss Kate Rorke) his mistress, by means of a week marriage-certificate. The two ladies meet in a country-house in Scotland, and the programme effects by a firm mentioned in the programme—and the Princess considerably and gracefully dies, of some vague but prominent disorder, with words of forgiveness on her lips.

At the moment—or rather the quarter of an hour—death, the household physician is sent to the premises, but has prudently made himself scarce, and cannot be found. The Russian Prince, however, sits, with great intensity, on a chair hard by, and the Princess's English rival watches her expire with a tenderness that implies a full sense of the favour to come.

The Russian of Melodrama.

With what object this stale old yarn is presented to our view just now would prove, indeed, a "question" more cogent than any in the play. Is it intended to amuse us, or to instruct, or to enlist our sympathies, or, possibly, to compel our admiration? One cannot tell. One only knows that it does none of these things—that there is not a joke worth laughing at in it, or a fact worth knowing, or a character worth caring for, or a turn of phrase that does anything else than disfigure one with partial achievement of the same.

As a matter of fact, the only conclusion one can come to is that the piece has been put on—temporarily in a hurry—under the assumption that the fact that it deals with the career of a Russian diplomatist would prove topical in view of the imminent war. But, then, the management could have got hold of plenty of melodramas with Russian diplomatists in them far better than this. In truth, there is hardly a melodrama without a Russian in it, and that Russian is invariably a diplomatist. From the melodramatic point of view the whole population of Russia are employed at the Foreign Office. Why, then, fall back upon a poor, amateurish experiment like "The Question"?

The mere presence of Miss Kate Rorke, indeed, forces one to remember how famously

she conducted herself in a really good melodrama with a Russian in it. It seems only yesterday that she was banging herself against the door in "Diplomacy," while Mr. Forbes Robertson marched around in that evening dress that never suited him, and Mr. John Hare was quietly precise, and Sir Squire Bancroft bit his white moustache as Count Orloff, and Lady Bancroft dropped her handkerchief and called for "Algy."

Even in this little time Miss Kate Rorke has changed. She does not fling herself about



Margaret North (Miss Kate Rorke) receives an eye-opener.

now. She is soft and sweet and almost matronly, and one was very much ashamed of the play for her sake.

Curiously enough, the piece of acting that one remembers next Miss Rorke's is just a momentary appearance of a professor who was called in to translate the suppressed certificate. He said his few words with a perfection of professional intonation and manner which lent distinction to a whole weary act. But that was only natural, for the professor was Mr. Hermann Vezin.

One must add that, old as is the style of the play, the scenery keeps it company. There is one scene in particular, the "Billiard Room at Claverhouse," where the billiard table is, for some reason or other, set close up against the wall. Of all West End plays that have been produced within the past year one could hardly point to one that could boast a more ragged, worn old piece of stuff than composed that billiard-room wall. How many hearts have been lost and won, how many plots contrived and baffled, how many speeches have been made and silences been eloquent in front of that dingy old length of canvas!

Mr. Davidson at a Disadvantage.

"The Question" was preceded by a one-act adaptation from Miquel Zamacois' "Bohemos," which bears the name of John Davidson, the poet, but is none the less lamentably unimportant. Whatever he is, Mr. John Davidson is not a wit; and wit is the absolute essential of a little extravagance like this, where a young poet is supposed to rail at the world in tragicomic fashion.

If there is a thing that is dreary to listen to it is "epigram" uninspired by any suggestion of a sense of humour, and that is Mr. John Davidson's merchandise so far as "Bohemos" is concerned. His laboured topicalities are even clumsier than the familiar allusions of the pantomime low comedian. One misses the rhyme and the red nose, and gets nothing better in exchange.

"THE WIDOW WOOS."

MR. SYDNEY VALENTINE AS AUTHOR AND ACTOR AT THE HAYMARKET.

The declining days of "Cousin Kate" at the Haymarket, astonishingly gay and sprightly though they are upon their own account, are further cheered by a delightful little play that now prefaces the evening, called "The Widow Woos." It is by Mr. Sydney Valentine, who acts in it himself, and

Mrs. Francis Blundell, the Lancashire novelist.

It is a modern tale of Pyramus and Thisbe. The Widow Cowell and the old carpenter who lives in the cottage next door conduct their courtship chiefly through a chink in the wall, for which one freely pardons a return to the somewhat discredited custom of a split scene.

The humour, the character, the good taste, and the tenderness of the little play are as marked in the acting as they are in the writing. It is a delightful little glimpse of Lancashire life, and even the pots and pans, the kitchen chair, the clock on the mantelshelf, and the faded cheap prints upon the walls all seem to take their part in the little play, as well as Mr. Valentine and Miss Mary Brough, who displays a discreet but eminently "coming-on" disposition as the widow.

Indeed, one might say even of the good carpenter's umbrella, which he duly takes with him to pay his call next door upon a sunshiny day—one may say that, being but an umbrella, it yet speaketh.

True, Mr. Sydney Valentine's Lancashire accent did sometimes go for a tour round neighbouring counties; but, taken as a whole, both the playing and the production of "The Widow Woos" bespeak a capability for genre in the headquarters of English comedy that is comforting in the presence of our German friends.

THE DESIRABLE THRILL.

DO GIRLS READ THE SAME BOOKS AS BOYS?

We are inclined to think that they do, when they can get them. Of course, there are some girls who do not care for their brothers' books,



Paul Dolgoroff (Mr. Edward O'Neill) indicates by his expression that he is much married.

and prefer what is called the girl's book, which is really an incipient novel, just as there are some boys who like something more grown-up than the boy's book proper; but we believe that on the whole boys and girls like the same books, and do not want their sex considered in their reading any more than men and women do. And some writers are wise enough to give us books that would do equally well for both.

Books that are Written for Both.

"Three Rascals," by Raymond Jacobsen (Macmillan. 4s. 6d.) is one of these. It is an excellent example of the right kind of fiction for the nursery, full of the amusing experiences of real girls and boys, with plenty of moral for those who like to look for it and none of that tiresome moralising that is only written to be skipped.

Nobody would want to skip a word of "Three Rascals." The same can be said of "Merry Jacko," by Warren Killingworth (Jarrold. 3s. 6d.), and it has the additional advantage of having a monkey for its hero. We have never yet met the girl or boy who did not like animals, and Jacko is a charming specimen of his kind, besides recommending himself to the nursery by a series of thrilling adventures that will, we feel sure, be read over and



In a costume alleged to be Athenian Mr. Charles Lander appears to enjoy himself as Bohemos.

also on account of the actual joys that lurk in every pool and rock at the seaside.

So Mr. Furneaux's book, which is given up to the description of such real treasures as every child may find for itself with luck and perseverance, is sure to be popular with the nursery public this year. All children love real information when it is about subjects in which they are interested, and "The Sea Shore" is full of information about the marine specimens that may be found along our shores, about the way to start an aquarium, the way to preserve dead specimens, and so on. It would be an excellent present for a boy or girl, and the coloured illustrations make it a pretty book as well.

The Sea and the Nursery.

Mr. Winthrop Packard is another writer who has recognised the popularity of the sea in the nursery; for in "The Young Ice Whalers" (Longmans. 6s.), he has supplied it with a regular sea romance, full of adventures, and thrilling with excitement. The story is of a young American, who is invited by a whaling friend of his father to go for a cruise in his ship; and the result, as may be imagined, is anything but tame. Together with the captain's son, he gets separated from the ship in the Arctic regions, and the two boys only find their friends again after enduring the privations of an Arctic winter, and being nearly murdered by savage tribes, though their hardships are certainly softened by the ease with which they find a fortune of gold in the Klondyke district. But, of course, it would never do for two heroes to return home empty-handed in a book of this sort; and Mr. Packard knows his public too well to dream of letting them do such a thing.

Stay-at-Home Adventures.

Everybody, however, does not want to be taken to wild foreign parts for adventures. There are adventures of another sort to be had at home, adventures that boys and girls with very little imagination can hope to experience for themselves; and for little realists like these there are such books as "Granny's Girls," by M. B. Manwell (Partridge, no price given), and "In Search of Home," by Phyllis O. Dent (Longmans. 3s. 6d. net).



Mr. Charles Rock wears a frown and a kilt.



With her eyes on the gallery Miss Halstan says "death would be merciful."



BALLET REVOLUTIONISED.



DETAILS OF NEW ALHAMBRA PRODUCTION WHICH WILL BE DANCED IN MODERN COSTUME.

As we stated a few weeks ago, the new Alhambra ballet is to break any from the "classical" tradition of this form of theatrical art.

Instead of the usual short skirts and pink fleshings, Mr. J. M. Glover's "All the Year Round," which is to be seen on Wednesday, January 20, will present characters in modern costume. This is the official description of the action:—

Opening with the New Year's festivities at an English gentleman's country house, a young English nobleman on the eve of a possible Rake's Progress is interviewed by the Spirit of Happiness, who points out to him the dawn of a new year, a new life, and a new usefulness, and takes him through some of the mundane pleasures of an every-day existence, disassociated from bacchanalian indulgences and other extravagances of the modern life we live, which do not tend to point any moral and do not adorn any tale.

A Ballet of Valentines.

It illustrates that the life of an English gentleman has many refuges for honest and wholesome amusement, and thus starting with the opening of New Year's Day and the dawn of the New Year, special days all through the year are illustrated in a fancy manner to satisfy all tastes.

The opening of this lesson, which is told from a living Calendar of 1904, exhausts the first month, and February, typical of the almost obsolete St. Valentine's Day, is an opportunity for a ballet of valentines, some comic, others more fantastic, but all interesting. This will be the first dancing scene of the ballet proper.

From then we go on to March, when "Stormy winds do blow," leading us to a poetical realisation of St. Patrick's Day, with an illustration full of hope of the dawn of a new era in the Sister Isle.

April will open with its delightful little comedy of "All Fools' Day," and of course it would not be possible to pass by this month without a realisation of Primrose Day—a day associated in political memory with the greatest Imperialist who ever lived. As to the manner in which this tableau will be put before the public, it would not be fair to spoil the appetite of first nighters by anything like anticipatory journalism.

The Cockney Cake Walk.

May and June suggest beautiful flowers, the latter with its Fourth at Eton and its lovely roses; July will probably be found sufficiently entertaining with passing shadows of boating, cricket, and other mid-annual pleasures; whereas August Bank-holiday will give a possibility for realising a combination of Hampstead Heath and Epping Forest, with the development, according to Cockney ideas, of a Cake Walk. When it is said that the Coster Cake Walk in this scene will be danced by no fewer than 200 people, it can be easily imagined to what a serious extent this scene has been considered.

The only lyric of the play will be in the coster scene, where the Bank-holiday-makers chant about "Concertina Ann."

September will have a little drama of its own with a musical suggestion which everybody will recognise and no doubt find popular.

No Speaking.

October will be just a passing mist to November, where Guy Fawkes and his fellow-conspirators will probably have something to say, surrounded with characteristic dances, which will be found, from everybody's point of view, in the artistic environment of the whole ideal.

And now we have got to "All the Year Round" for in December a suggestion of the Noel will once more be permissible, but as to the way in which it is to be done, it would not be quite fair to give away.

There will be no speaking in the ballet. The hero and his sweetheart will play the important rôles in the whole idea, wandering through the months somewhat on the principle of the compe and comère of a Parisian revue. There will be many surprises, and in the Bank-holiday scene the celebrated Price troupe from the Châtelet Théâtre of Paris will introduce a novel performance.

This production has been rehearsed now for some time under Mr. Charles Wilson's direction, and it bids fair to be quite ready in ten days' time to introduce a new era in the making of ballets.

THE BIRCH ROD.

Under the title of "The Lady of the Woods," the New Year's number of the "Gardener's Magazine" contains a most interesting article on the birch tree, showing its æsthetic and economic value, and dealing

with its legendary history. One retains a lively remembrance that, as Gerard tersely puts it, "schoolmasters and parents do terrify their children with rods of the birch," and is inclined to agree with a writer in the "Nouvel du Harnel," that "happy is the man to whom its flexible, pendent branches do not recall to mind that they were formerly instruments of punishment to him." Turner regards the supply of "flexible, pendent branches" for purposes of punishment as the chief merit of the tree.

Beneficial Birching.

Coles also based his estimate of the birch chiefly on its use in the supply of rods as instruments of punishment, for he writes: "The civil uses whereunto the birch serveth are many; as, for the punishment of children,

READERS' PARLIAMENT.

CLERICAL CHARITIES.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

I am glad to see you have opened your columns to the complaints of the poorer clergy. There is plenty of money in the richest Church in the world if it was fairly divided.

If all livings over £500 a year were compelled to remit the balance to a common fund; if Bishops would be content with £1,000 a year (which is as much as the Apostles possessed); if such useless dignitaries as Deans, Canons, and Archdeacons (who only "perform Archidiaconal duties") were abolished there would be no vicars with £80 a year, no curates in the parishes.

Pending these reforms there are numerous "clerical charities," left or subscribed by generous persons to increase poor livings, on which the Press might sometimes cast its searchlights.

Some years ago a London paper exposed a flagrant case in which a secretary had been

TAKING IN WAR STORES.



Junks taking in stores for the Russian fleet at Newchwang on the Liao River.

Copyright.]

[From a stereoscopic photo by Underwood & Underwood, London.

both at home and at school; for it hath an admirable influence upon them to quiet them when they are out of order, and, therefore, some call it Make-peace."

We know that in ancient Rome the fasces of the lictors, with which they cleared the way for the magistrates, were formed with rods of birch, and that their influence was usually sufficient to ensure a rapid dispersion of men assembled where they would impede the passage of the administrators of the law. From that time to within a comparatively recent period the birchen rod has been regarded, metaphorically, or practically, as one of the most important deterrents of juvenile depravity.

"TOUGHS" IN A MOTOR.

One of those incidents which the bigoted opponents of motorists eagerly point to in justification of their strictures is reported from Rome by Reuter's correspondent.

It appears that rather more than a week ago a peasant woman was knocked down and killed by a motor-car which was travelling towards Naples. The occupants of the car drove on, and succeeded in eluding the subsequent efforts of the police to ascertain their whereabouts. Finally, these motorists crossed the Italian border before they were overtaken.

The police, however, did not relax their efforts, and it is now reported that they have secured evidence which tends to show that the car was that of a well-known New York banker,

for years plundering one of these funds, in spite of a committee of men bearing distinguished names, whose duty it was to watch him. This man used actually to sell to the Jews the supplies of clothing sent to his office for distribution, and pocket the money. He escaped scot free, and, I believe, retired abroad with his ill-gotten gains.

Much money is wasted in unnecessary secretarial salaries and managerial expenses. One central administration would probably have funds enough to raise every poor living in England to £150 a year.

A POOR VICAR.

PLAYING NEAR THE FIRE.

(To the Editor of the Daily Mirror.)

In the *Daily Mirror* of yesterday I noticed with satisfaction the City corner's sensible remarks regarding fireguards, and his suggestion that the Legislature should require all fireplaces to be fitted with guards.

It would, indeed, be a step in the right direction, for one reads daily of horrible (alas! often fatal) burning accidents which occur to small children who have been left alone in a room with fire and matches.

Surely something ought to be done to prevent this constant sacrifice of child-life.

A MOTHER.

Jan. 9.

THE HOLBORN SILK MARKET. THE NEW PREMISES NOW OPEN. OUR GREAT WINTER SALE Commencing TO-DAY. VERY WONDERFUL BARGAINS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS.

Crêpe de Chine Silks, in light evening colours, worth, at least, 1/11; were 1/11; on sale, 24 inch, 1/11; regular value, 3/11; 1/43; 2/11; 3/11; 4/11; 5/11; 6/11; 7/11; 8/11; 9/11; 10/11; 11/11; 12/11; 13/11; 14/11; 15/11; 16/11; 17/11; 18/11; 19/11; 20/11; 21/11; 22/11; 23/11; 24/11; 25/11; 26/11; 27/11; 28/11; 29/11; 30/11; 31/11; 32/11; 33/11; 34/11; 35/11; 36/11; 37/11; 38/11; 39/11; 40/11; 41/11; 42/11; 43/11; 44/11; 45/11; 46/11; 47/11; 48/11; 49/11; 50/11; 51/11; 52/11; 53/11; 54/11; 55/11; 56/11; 57/11; 58/11; 59/11; 60/11; 61/11; 62/11; 63/11; 64/11; 65/11; 66/11; 67/11; 68/11; 69/11; 70/11; 71/11; 72/11; 73/11; 74/11; 75/11; 76/11; 77/11; 78/11; 79/11; 80/11; 81/11; 82/11; 83/11; 84/11; 85/11; 86/11; 87/11; 88/11; 89/11; 90/11; 91/11; 92/11; 93/11; 94/11; 95/11; 96/11; 97/11; 98/11; 99/11; 100/11; 101/11; 102/11; 103/11; 104/11; 105/11; 106/11; 107/11; 108/11; 109/11; 110/11; 111/11; 112/11; 113/11; 114/11; 115/11; 116/11; 117/11; 118/11; 119/11; 120/11; 121/11; 122/11; 123/11; 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Juveniles at Play.

PRETTY FROCKS FOR PRETTY CHILDREN.

What are little girls made of?
Sugar and spice and all things nice,
That's what little girls are made of.

Truly a most gallant verse, and never more true in substance and fact than at present. It is traditional, one knows, to decry the hour in which we live, but let us for once see precedent, by the way—and we may safely do so where our children and their clothing are concerned. For it is not quite the pleasantest reflection in the world, to recall our own childhood, when we were as the children of to-day.

A voice whispers the danger of venturing so bold and sweeping a statement. But I am more, that the influence of simple rational clothing has been a large factor in the con-

summation of the simpler child. The wave of Early Victorianism swept over the nursery with disastrous results, from out which inartistic slough of despond we were only rescued by the æsthetic craze—peace be to its ashes—passing on by gradual evolution to the present stage of short-skirted, practical frocks, loose pelisses and headgear, in which the picturesque is never sacrificed; rather, indeed, cleverly contrived to meet childish comfort.

Praise for Short Frocks.

The extravagant shortness of little girls' skirts, and the proportionately extravagant length of their bodices, form all-important features of childish feminine attire. To meet the skirt contingency, American mothers are urging the adoption of actual trunks, although there is small likelihood of English mothers

A Bow
of
serpent
green
sequins
is
effective
worn
in a
blonde
coiffure.



venturing this length. Nor will it by any means be given to every English child to carry off with requisite éclat so distinctive a departure as this long-bodied frock. At the same time it is emphatically one to be considered in the case of a small maiden who is more distinguished by good breeding—a quality that will eventually resolve during later years into style—than actual prettiness, or anything pertaining to the picturesque.

Children are singularly individual, and it is only those who realise the fact who are completely successful in the dressing of them. Among the leading fads of the moment is that of the black silk beaver flop. This piece of headgear is worn by quite tiny tots of two years, either swept round by a black ostrich feather or bunched with soft

black taffeta rosettes, while broad strings are carried under the chin; older children, however, dispensing with these appendages.

There is no question but that this black flop tends to a pretty and moderate picturesqueness, and possesses, moreover, the admirable quality of falling into the scheme of our detestable climate.

In the matter of childish bonnets, the developments are many and peculiar. Width appears the chief aim, an end attained by means of choux, bows, floral clusters, and, last, but by no means least, lappets of lace or ribbon. It would be impossible to imagine anything more quaintly attractive than a close-fitting bonnet of white "breitschwanz" decorated across the front by a wreath of roses, which terminates on either side in a cluster of buds, just over the ears, from whence hang lappets of lace. The Breton bonnet of



No. 22.—Practical Design for home dressmakers to follow.

straw, its curled-up sides filled in with flowers, has met with unqualified approval, and we are promised many interesting variations of this vogue during the ensuing month.

Meanwhile there is a pretty and delightfully childish piece of headgear in the shape of a little capote of sorts expressed in ermine, the requisite width imparted by bunches of violets, retaining outstanding loops and ends of white satin ribbon.

A dainty dance frock illustrated in the first column reveals much evidence of latter-day skill, the chief fabricating medium whereof is soft white washing silk; the flounces and pelerine bordered by a very delicately coloured silk embroidery, while a clear chemisette of finely patterned point d'Irlande serves to round off an exceptionally pleasing sartorial story.

No. 22.—A REMNANT.

SUGGESTIONS FOR A USEFUL MODEL.

The cry is still they come. To wit, suggestions for the use of the remnant. There seems to be a veritable riot of original and fresh ideas flying about,

partially due, perchance, to the more or less picturesque style of dress in vogue, and also to an extraordinary catholicity in the modes.

In the matter of bodices or blouses we have a bewildering choice of pelerines, chemisettes, deep collars, and ingenious emplacements wherewith to cultivate the acquaintance of the remnant, and thereby to introduce what is now decreed—a connecting link between skirt and corsage. For the charms of the contrasting blouse are waning fast in favour of a more sustained harmony of tone, and it is directly in furtherance of this edict that the sketch of the last column is offered.

The main idea is for a dress remnant, possibly a four and a half or five yard length, which, with care and a simple pattern, will yield a trottier skirt and the cape pictured here. This cape is cut in one with braces back and front, details that immediately suggest the requisite connection between skirt and upper part. The completing note of some fancy silk or delaine blouse offers unlimited licence and further possibilities for the employment of more sale seductions.

As a lining is included in the pattern, it would be quite a reasonable procedure to terminate the blouse material an inch above the shortest part of the cape; although this, of course, precludes all possibility of disposing with the cape, or using the blouse for other than this specified purpose. However, let the remnant reign supreme for the nonce, and under its benign influence we roughly approximate the quantities of material for this model at five yards double width materials and four yards silk.

Flat pattern, 64d.; tacked up, including flat, 1s. 64d.



A pretty
Patty Frock
for a
damsel of
twelve.

THE DAILY TIME SAVER



PROVISIONS IN SEASON.

Soles.	Fish.	Cod.
Mullet.	Plaice.	Turbot.
Halibut.	Smelts.	Oysters.
Lobsters.	Haddock.	
	Crabs.	
Pork.	Meat.	Mutton.
Woodcock.	Game and Poultry.	Beef.
Pheasants.		
Flovers.	Hares.	Wild Duck.
Teal.	Snipe.	Ptarmigan.
Black Game.	Grouse.	German Partridges.
Turkeys.	Ducks.	
Asparagus.	Pigeons.	
Celery.	Vegetables.	Tomatoes.
Artichokes.	Artichokes.	
Madras Marrows.	Cabbages.	
New Potatoes.	French Carrots.	
Salads.	Mushrooms.	

FRUIT IN SEASON.

Apples.	Bananas.	Cranberries.
Grape Fruit.	Grapes.	Nuts.
Oranges.	Pears.	Pineapples.
Blossoms for the Table.		
Pink Anemones.	Carnations.	
Chrysanthemums.		
Xmas Roses.	Poinsettias.	
White Lilac.		
Cat Flowers and Flowers in Pots.		
Hyacinths.	Pink Azaleas.	
White Hyacinths.	Orange Trees.	
Primulas.	Maidenhair Fern.	

THE DISH OF THE DAY.

No. 58.—POMMES CLARENCE.

By M. ESCOFFIER, Chef of Claridge's Hotel.

Bake six large potatoes equal in size, then cut off the top of each a round piece of skin of half an inch in diameter; draw the pulp out by using a vegetable spoon, and leave the shell uncrushed. Cream the pulp, well seasoned and buttered, and lay a part of it round inside the shell.

Take three dozen of native oysters poached and bearded, put them in a saucepan with butter, and twelve fine slices of fresh truffles, season with salt and pepper, and keep warm until the truffles are softened, then add to them a cupful of good reduced cream seasoned to taste, place in each potato six oysters and two slices of truffles, and as much sauce as will fill it up, cover the open part with a slice of glacé truffle and serve.

PRIZES FOR RECIPES.

Every Saturday the "Daily Mirror" will award a prize of One Guinea for the best cookery recipe. The recipe must begin by stating each ingredient to be used in making the dish, and the price of the dish must be given. The recipe must be written on a postcard (letters are barred), and must be addressed: "Chef," The "Daily Mirror," 2, Carmelite-street, London, E.C.

The last date for sending in this week's prize recipe is Thursday, January 14th.

A CHOICE OF DISHES.

BREAKFAST.
*Indian Fritters. Fillets of Plaice.
Ham Toast.
Tomato Omelet. Pressed Beef.

LUNCH.
Hare Soup. Cod and Oyster Pie.
Spatchcock.
"Hot Pot." Spaghetti à l'Italienne.
Stewed Rhubarb. Treacle Sponge.
Cheese Fritters.

COLD DISHES.
Veal and Ham Pie. Potato and Celery Salad.
Savoury Eggs.

TEA.
Sally Luns. Shrimps. Paste Sandwiches.
Almond Cake. Cocoa-nut Buns.

DINNER.
Ox Tail (clear). Soups.
Purée of Artichokes.

Fish.
Grilled Mullet. Oysters au Naturel.

Entrées.
Mutton Cutlets with Mushrooms.
Chicken Soufflés.

Roasts.
Guinea Fowl, Bread Sauce.
Sirloin of Beef.

Game.
Boiled Pheasant, Celery Sauce.
Salmagundi of Woodcock.

Vegetables.
Sauté Potatoes.
Boiled Marrows (Maiden).
Sweet.

Sauces.
Banana Fritters. Omelette en Surprise.
*Parmesan Puffs. Yarmouth Straws.
Ice.
Neapolitan.

Recipes of all the dishes marked on this list with asterisks are given on this page.

SIMPLE DISHES.

The prices of the ingredients are quoted as from the West End shops.

No. 210.—PARMESAN PUFFS.

INGREDIENTS.—One ounce of butter, two ounces of flour, two ounces of Parmesan cheese, two eggs, quarter of a pint of water, salt, and cayenne.

Put the water and butter in a saucepan, let it come to the boil, then draw it from the fire and shake in the sieved flour. Beat it till it is free from lumps. Then stir it over a slow fire for about four to five minutes. Set it aside to cool for ten minutes. Next add the grated cheese, and beat up and add the eggs one by one. Beat thoroughly; season carefully. Slightly grease a baking tin. Shape the mixture with two spoons to about the size and shape of a banana's egg. Brush each lightly on top with another egg beaten up to glaze them, and bake in a moderate oven about thirty to forty minutes, or till well puffed up and a delicate brown. Sprinkle with a little extra grated cheese, and serve very hot.

Cost 8d. for ten portions.

No. 211.—INDIAN FRITTERS.

INGREDIENTS.—Four ounces of well-boiled rice, six ounces of cooked poultry or game, two ounces of cooked ham, one small chopped gherkin, one teaspoonful of chutney, one teaspoonful of curry powder, one teaspoonful of chopped onion, one teaspoonful of lemon juice, one teaspoonful of chopped parsley, one gill of brown sauce, half a pint of good frying butter.

Finely mince the poultry, ham, and chutney. Mix these with the rice, gherkin, or game, onion, lemon juice, parsley, and enough sauce to make all into a moist paste. Season it carefully. Shape the mixture in a dessertspoon. Scoop it out of the spoon into the batter. Have ready a deep pan of hot fat, when a very faint smoke rises from it put in a few fritters at a time and fry a delicate brown. Drain them on paper. When all the mixture is cooked, serve the fritters piled up on a lace paper on a hot dish. Garnish it with cut lemon and fried parsley, and a few fresh chillies if liked.

Cost 2s. for 12 portions.

Our Feuilleton.

Chance, the Juggler.

By CORALIE STANTON AND HEATH HOSKEN.

(Authors of "BY RIGHT OF MARRIAGE.")

CHAPTER XLII.

Continued.

"I wrote and told Christian; I sent him your address. It was only two or three days ago. He is in Italy, so that it is not possible for him to have returned to England by this time," said Claudia.

"You think he will return?"

"I am sure of it."

"To see me?"

"Yes, certainly. You see you are his wife. He has forgotten it hitherto."

"And is it to you that I owe this inestimable regeneration—eh?"

"Perchance—who knows? Let us attribute it to fate."

"What are you to him?" The older woman regarded Claudia searchingly; but the girl did not flush.

"I will be quite honest with you," she said quietly. "I would have married Christian Morning but for you."

"Oh! so you are the second woman? You are in love with him. Well, I am sorry for you. Ah! I might have known. And yet, I do not follow your present attitude, for all that."

"That is not my fault!" returned Claudia with quiet dignity. "We cannot all see alike. Mr. Morning told me the story of his marriage some weeks ago in Mentone. When I heard where you were, and knowing what I did, I conceived it to be my duty to stand by you, by my sex. There must always be a sex war, and I am loyal to my sex. I love your husband. He knows it, so there is no reason why you should not. But, when it comes to a question on the facts I possess between Christian Morning and you, I side with you. There! Now, be honest with me. Tell me whether you blame me, whether, at any rate, you understand?"

Something in the girl's voice, or look, the candour of her attitude, must have struck home to the woman. For the first time that barrier between them, the barrier raised by active antagonism on the part of one and nervous pride on the part of the other, gave way. Vera Mijatovitch melted—at least, that part of her complex nature that was capable of the influence of sentiment and human feeling, and there was much more than Vera Mijatovitch herself suspected.

The cold, white woman of will and strength sank into the other chair by the blazing fire and stared dully into its ruddy light, her hard lips quivering, her fingers tapping nervously on her knee.

"Why, oh why?" she said hoarsely, "am I tempted like this? First the priest, and then you, and now—now he. Why can't you all let me go my own way up or down—to Heaven or Hell—as and how I choose? It is all I ask. And I have a right to demand it. Why won't you let me alone?"

"Because it isn't fair," said Claudia, impulsively. "None of us can be left alone. Oh, I don't want to talk any religious cant to you; but you must see that there are such things as love, and duty, and—"

"Yes, I know; but why is it that you—you, a woman like you—why is it that you have chosen to come down here to me—you, if you love him as you say, must wish I were dead?"

"But you aren't dead," said Claudia, trying hard to smile reassuringly. "You are very much alive."

"You mean that you are doing this under a sense of duty?"

"No. I can't explain the motives for everything I do. I only know that when I heard Christian Morning's story I was very, very sorry for his wife."

"And are you still sorry?"

"Yes, very, very sorry."

"Then the case was not exaggerated?"

"No, not exaggerated, only misunderstood," she answered.

"And what is to be done?"

"Nothing, except to wait until Christian comes."

"And then?"

"How can I say? It is a matter for you two. Oh, Mrs. Morning, do help him, do meet him half-way! Don't blame him altogether! Perhaps you don't understand him altogether. I don't know what to say, but I know he means right and will never hesitate between right and wrong. That is what I want you to understand."

"You are a warm champion," said Vera Mijatovitch, a little pathetically.

"He wants a warm champion," retorted Claudia. "I don't want to trouble about the past and all the things that have happened. That has nothing to do with me. But what I

do know is that it must not go on any longer. He must do his duty."

"Duty! Duty! It is always duty. In the name of everything you hold sacred, what, pray, is duty?"

Claudia was silent. She was never good at definitions.

The older woman continued warmly. "Duty is life. The only duty of man is to live his life, to live every moment of it as he will. In this life man is God and his will is paramount. To allow another to supplant that will is to voluntarily abdicate, to forfeit life, to consent to death. And afterwards? Well, that is a chimerical question. Who shall say that the man who gets all that this life can give him will not stand highest in the after-world, whatever it happen to be. And who knows that there will be an afterworld? Not you, nor I, certainly. Life is the thing. We have that, here and now. So do not blame Christian Morning. He and I practise the self-same creed—only differently. No, Lady Claudia Waynefleet, it is you who do not understand, not I."

And, as Claudia listened to the passionate words of this strange woman, her thoughts flew back to the olive groves and the reeds of Pan. It was the Song of Hellas.

A silence fell between them. Then Claudia rose and held out her hand.

"I must be going," she said.

And Vera Mijatovitch made no attempt to detain her.

CHAPTER XLIII.

"What a splendid life! How fine to be a man and to do things!"

Young Beverley was in the seventh heaven; he listened rapturously to the Princess's words; he hung on every tone of her voice, so shrill and yet so subtly sweet. He was quite blinded to her indifference and her ulterior motive which she disguised so prettily and served up so daintily, like a poisoned sweetmeat.

Aimée Petronoff smiled on him. In reality, he bored her intensely, and she would not have troubled about him had she not some object in view. But he did not know that; he only knew that he was allowed to sit beside her on the verandah of the hotel after luncheon, with that wonderful golden head quite near to him, and those dark brown, velvet eyes widening with interest as he recounted at her bidding some of his adventures in South Africa. It was because of her that he had not been able to tear himself away from Monte Carlo. He grew more infatuated every time he saw her. She was always so surrounded that it was with the greatest difficulty he could get a word with her, and now that she had deliberately singled him out for this tête-à-tête he made up his mind to cancel a telegram which he had already sent to his friend Forester, telling him to expect him in Paris on the morrow, for the place in which his divinity deigned to breathe and to smile on him was nothing more nor less than the Promised Land.

"But I did nothing, Princess," he said rather ruefully, wishing that he could have encountered giants and overcome them single-handed. "I was supposed to go out for my health, you know—awfully silly idea; I believe I'm really as strong as a horse. When I got there I just knocked about a bit to see the country. Wish I'd been earlier; I might have seen some fighting."

There was something rather pathetic in this vain retrospective regret not to have had the chance of doing doughty deeds in order to justify himself in her sight. The Princess smiled contentedly.

"You weren't out there long, were you?"

"Oh, no—only a few months. I turned out such a fraud, you see. Felt as fit as a fiddle as soon as I got out of England."

"And you never came to say good-bye to me, Ralph, before you went away."

The pretty, playful reproach intoxicated the boy.

"Oh, but you know," he put in eagerly, "I didn't like to. I was afraid of boring you. I used to think it wonderful and beautiful of you to remember me at all. I had the misfortune to see you so seldom, and you have the whole world at your feet."

She laughed lightly. It was true enough. More than two years ago she had first risen upon the boy's horizon, like the sun, putting out the light of the moon and all the stars, a radiant divinity; but, like the sun, monotonously far away. She had treated him, as she treated all men, with regal indifference; but once or twice she had encouraged him to romp with her but she ended little son; who would one day be so great a prince. Since the day of the charity fête at Lady Leicester's villa he had only seen her twice; and her increasing graciousness, culminating in this conversation out on the terrace that overlooked the blue sea, filled him with an insane delight. There are women who, however beautiful and virtuous they may be, will never command men's constancy; there are others who win the solid reward of lifelong loyalty and reverent and deep devotion; but there are a few for whom most men will use up all the strength and passion of their lives, at whose bidding they will attempt to scale the heavens and fetch down the moon. And of these was Aimée Petronoff.

"Let me see," she murmured, adopting a charming attitude of meditation, as if the slightest movement of this poor foolish boy were really of great concern to her. "I wonder where I was when you left England. I wonder if I should have been in London if you had come to say good-bye to me. When did you say you left, Ralph?"

"In June, Princess. It was a Thursday.

I don't think I can remember the date—oh, yes, of course, it was the thirteenth; everybody said it was unlucky."

"I hate superstition," she said airily. "Oh, yes, I was in London. And next time you are there, Ralph, don't forget that I want to see you. My little Platon used to say you made the best bear he had ever had a ride on."

She smiled at him more bewitchingly than ever. No one could have detected the slightest arrière pensée behind those velvety eyes. She took a final puff at her cigarette and rose. With a slight gesture, he found himself dismissed. In a second her face became as indifferent as it had been interested. She was too impatient of him to be bored any longer, too powerful to care what he thought. Anyone more experienced or less infatuated than he, would probably have guessed that she had got what she wanted out of him. Such was the case. She had found out the exact date of the night on which he had seen Mrs. Chesney come out of Colonel Joscelyn's rooms in the Albany. She had overheard Ralph in making his stupid blunder say that it was on the night of his departure from England that he had seen this mysterious lady, who, she knew well enough that he would now stoutly maintain bore no real resemblance to Captain Chesney's wife after all.

Had anyone asked her, and had she been inclined to answer truthfully, she could not have said why she was prosecuting these enquiries in such a truly Machiavellian spirit. From her new and ardent admirer, Jacqueline Stern, she had found out in a casual way all about the Chesney ménage that that young lady could tell, which included a glowing account of the absolutely idyllic devotion that existed between the two, and that had withstood the wear and tear of three years of married life.

She had also had Captain Chesney presented to her, and smiled her sweetest on him, for, under any circumstances, a man who is traditionally devoted to his wife is a living challenge to a certain form of feminine human nature. She had found him pleasing, and very willing to be smiled upon, and she had curled her lovely lips and told herself that he would be easy enough to conquer if it were worth while. She naturally knew nothing of young Beverley's second tragic blunder; and she was not aware that in Philip Chesney, at the time she made his acquaintance, she was dealing with a man smarting from an intolerable wound to his self-esteem, and devoured by suspicion and jealousy as by scorching fires.

It occurred to her that it would be amusing to destroy his wife's reputation and degrade her in his eyes, if she could do it without showing her hand. It seems an idea too fiendish and inhuman to even suggest itself to the most callous and unscrupulous brain; but it took root in this woman's and grew into definite shape, and it must be set down here without disguise.

There was no earthly reason for it, save that Martia Chesney had aroused a feeling of antagonism in her, impossible to explain, but which all human beings at times experience at the sight of a perfect stranger; and then Paul Joscelyn was her hereditary enemy, and she felt almost bound to annoy him whenever she possibly could.

Chance had placed the weapons in her hand; the first and most important being the fact that she had been a witness of the contretemps in Lady Leicester's grounds. She was quite certain that it was Mrs. Chesney who had been seen coming out of the Colonel's rooms. Now she also knew the exact date of the incident.

Captain Chesney, she felt quite sure, knowing the nature of men, would never hear of it, except through her. A whisper, assuming the whole thing to have been a laughable mistake, a hurried explanation, a shocked remonstrance if he appeared to give credence to it—and the mischief would be done, or, at least, she would be sown. She had seen Philip and Paul Joscelyn together; skilled reader of men, she had seen that the younger hated his one-time superior officer. Then, a few hints scattered among gossip—she knew some very fertile soil—and the world would begin to talk and smile covertly. She did not follow the probable sequence of events any further. Thus far it would be amusing; afterwards it might be tragic, or merely dull, and she would be careful that no whisper could be traced back to her.

It was the pure spirit of mischief that possessed her. She had nothing to gain. It would really have been a much greater conquest to win the man away while he still believed in his wife. But it was not the lust of conquest that dictated her cold-blooded scheme. It was simply an irresponsible malign impulse of an idle, capricious, satiated, and cruel woman in search of amusement which she was incapable both in brain and heart of finding in ordinary things. It had amused her vastly to play off Cedric Joscelyn against Petronoff; it would again vastly amuse her to infuriate Paul Joscelyn into praying that she were a man so that he might kill her; it would amuse her to worm out what she believed to be Martia Chesney's guilty secret, and wave it aloft for all the world to laugh at. She had no soul; she was a mass of disarranged nerve centres—a woman who, to satisfy a caprice, would have vivisected her pet little.

She hummed a gay little tune as she went to her room to prepare for a drive. Then she supplied her own words to it—"The thirteenth of June—the thirteenth of June—the thirteenth—of—June!"

She stopped on a long drawn out note; she stood motionless. A transformation was in progress in her mind. In a few moments the thing which had been a caprice had taken on

quite a different complexion; it had become a mystery.

She was perfectly certain of the thing. The thirteenth of June was the day on which the horrible man Lewis Detmold had committed suicide in Paul Joscelyn's rooms. Only one day or two ago she had been discussing with a man in the Casino the superstition of the date attending the number thirteen; and she had instanced Lewis Detmold's death as one of the examples. Besides, she remembered herself very clearly, because it was the day of Lady Leicester's great ball, which he had been unable to attend owing to an attack of influenza.

Mrs. Chesney had been in Paul Joscelyn's rooms on the night when Lewis Detmold committed suicide there! Oh, yes, this was a different matter; and it required different treatment. What did that mean? Why had Detmold killed himself? Why had he done so there? Had he arrived before or after the discovery of the discovery, of course, or else Beverley could not have spoken so quietly of her about it, treating her as Paul Joscelyn's wife. It was very curious that the boy should seem to be aware that in those same rooms that same night a man had been found dead. Thinking it over, she decided that he could have heard anything about it. In all probability he did not know Detmold—he was the sort who would—and in the hurry of the night the next morning he had overlooked the sensational story in the newspapers. When he had returned, Detmold's death was practically forgotten.

Yes, this was most mysterious and exciting. She was exhilarated; it was like the dawn of life was so dull; nothing but admiration, flattery, unwanted suitors clamouring for her hand, not one lover amongst them who could make her heart beat. She had come to the conclusion that she had no heart; that she could not take her pleasures like other women. Here was something quite out of the ordinary. Something had happened that night; she was quite sure of that, something that Paul Joscelyn wanted to hide from the world at any cost. She gloated over the thought of what she would give to see him dead, if he knew. She felt like an amateur detective and Nemesis rolled into one.

She would ferret this thing out. It was her new interest. For many years past she had promised herself the luxury of one day being in power over Paul Joscelyn. Of course, it might all be a mistake, it might be nothing at all, and be clear as the day.

She gave herself up to an hour or two of unusually profound meditation; and then, instead of going down to the Casino, she sent up a servant to the rooms that Mrs. Lorison occupied in the same hotel to tell her whether Mrs. Lorison would receive her.

The two women did not know each other. The answer came down that Mrs. Lorison hoped Mme. la Princesse would excuse her as she had a headache.

Aimée was astounded at first, and then angry. No woman ever refused to see her; she could not understand the refusal. She had seen Helen Lorison in the restaurant half an hour ago, and the distinguished of this unknown lady who had made such astonishing social success had certainly no traces of suffering then.

Her delicate black brows made a straight line across her forehead. She was furious. At first she had had doubts as to this being the wisest course to take at the beginning; but now she was determined.

"Go up again," she said to her maid, tell Mrs. Lorison that I would see her. I have very great favour if she would see me. I have something of the greatest importance to say to her."

The maid came back immediately. Lorison said that, since Madame la Princesse's business was so important, she would be pleased to see her.

The line of Aimée's brows grew straighter still. "Business!" she muttered. "What does she choose to be impertinent to me?"

Helen Lorison's sitting-room was a beautiful house beauty in her thin frock the air was chill, and she drew her feather box closer to her as she stepped in. It was dark but a small ring of green, shaded light streamed from a small reading lamp on a table near which Mrs. Lorison sat with her hands in her hands.

She rose as her self-invited visitor came and bowed.

"I have not the pleasure of your acquaintance, Mrs. Lorison," said the Princess, her most bewitching smile, into which she managed to throw just the right shade of coyness. "Why did you refuse to see me first?"

"I am tired to-night," Helen answered, coolly, and coldly, "and, to tell the truth, I did not think that Madame la Princesse could have anything to say to me of great importance, as we are perfect strangers to one another. Will you sit down on the sofa?"

Aimée sank on to a low lounge. The semi-darkness she peered into the woman's face.

"It seems to me that you speak strangely," she said petulantly. "Do you resent me in seeing to you, Mrs. Lorison? Don't you want to know me? Have I done anything so nastily to offend you? Indeed, I come to you as a friend, and I have something to tell you which concerns you very nearly, something that concerns all people in the world ought to be known."

"Yes?" Helen's voice had lost its usual utterly unmoved serenity. "And why?"

"Because I understand that Mrs. Detmold—to marry Mr. Detmold—Lewis Detmold's wife—who died in Colonel Joscelyn's rooms in the Albany one night a few months ago."

To be continued.

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Dress.

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A LOVELY Evening Gown of apple-green silk, lace, passementerie, and beautiful La France roses on corsage; 25; 43; 10s.; Write 2928, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

A N attractive Tea-Gown of rose-pink silk muslin, beautifully made, trimmed quantities of French lace, Empire style; suit tail, slim figure; 23 10s.; Write 2897, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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B ARGAIN—Marmot Muff and long Necktie, with tails; 8s. 6d.; write 60s.; caracul Muff and Necktie; 9s.; approval—Beatrice, 6, Grafon-square, Clapham.

If it pays these advertisers it will pay you.

From - - F. A. RAWDING, LADIES' and GENT'S TAILOR.

Penny Bank Buildings, Market Square, RETFORD.

The Advertising Manager, "Daily Mirror."

Dear Sir,—In relation to the small advertisements which I am continually having in the "Daily Mirror" I may say that I am very pleased with the results of same. They reach a class of persons who are wanting such bargains.

I am pleased to bear testimony to this fact.

Yours obediently, F. A. RAWDING.

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B EAUTIFUL Ball Gown of ivory point d'esprit over white silk, trimmed ruffles and plaited net, with louches of orange velvet; 58s.; Write 2906, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

B EAUTIFUL Evening Dress of white silk muslin; handsome lace inlet round edge of skirt; gausings, angel sleeves; 23 15s.; average; Write 2855, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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B ISCUIT cloth Gown, with strapings of glass silk to match, yoke and barrel buttons of muslin; yoke and bodice; model; 38s.; average; Write 2925, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

B LACK voile sunray-plaited Skirt; herringbone yoke; lined; glassed; cost 4 guineas; take 35s.; Write 2878, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

B LACK Cloth Coatee and Skirt, strapped seams, trimmed with black silk; Write 2877, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

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B OLENO Costume of greyish-green tweed, short skirt, coat trimmed stitched panes; quite good; 25; 37; 25s.; Write 2858, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

C HARMING afternoon Gown for middle-aged lady, of velvet and fine cloth; well-made; 28; 40s.; 32s.; 6d.; Write 2851, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

C HARMING Japanese silk Evening Dress, gathered skirt, bodice, trimmed with silk lace and insertion; quite good; 24; 40; 35s.; Write 2864, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

C HARMING red silk Blouse, perfectly new; trimmed Oriental galon and lace; not suit owner; 22 waist; 15s.; Write 2894, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

C HARMING Semi-evening Gown of rich cream satin, with silk Maltese lace and tucks; scarcely soiled; 15s.; 6d.; 22 waist; Write 2919, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

C HARMING Silk Theatre Blouse, pale blue, trimmed velvet and lace applique; French model; 25s.; 25 waist; Write 2842, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

C OSTUME of myrtle green frills, sac coat, short skirt, trimmed velvet; 22s.; medium; Write 2891, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

D AINTY Party Frock for little girl (about 10) of spotted net, with satin ribbon trimmed frills; worn twice; outgrown; 12s.; 6d.; Write 2897, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

D AINTY silk muslin Blouse, with Irish lace medallions round yoke and on sleeves; quite fresh; 10s.; 6d.; small size; Write 2923, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

D AINTY theatre Blouse of vixen rose surah silk, with gold galon edging and tassels, and tress of black velvet; nearly new; 25s.; cheap; Write 2849, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

D ARK blue cloth Princess Robe; average size; good condition; cost 28s.; take 30s.; Write 2900, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

D ARK brown cloth Newmarket Costume; West End tail; cost lined satin; 25; 44; 35s.; Write 2903, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

D ARK new, well-cut Riding Coat; made by hand; Louis tailor; cost 50s.; 43; Write 741, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

D ARK'S Walking Costume of dark fancy velvet; trimmings; 23; 39; 22s.; Write 2863, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

D ARK'S MAID dresses privately two tailor-made Coats, one new; one worn; light mixture, other tweed; latest style; bust 36; 42; other 34; 42; cost 65s.; accept only 27s.; each; also black coat, tailor-made; bust 36; 42; only 9s. 6d.; bargain—Miss Price, 13, Upper Montagu-street, London, W.

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P ETTICOATS Day and Evening Costumes, Bousins, Underlinen, Saiskin Jackets, Tapestry Curtains, also Pianoforte; unquestionable bargain—59, Leam-road, Brixton.

P RETY Evening black net Gown, frills edged satin ruchings, black silk foundation; medium; 30s.; Write 2874, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

P RUINE-COLOURED zibeline bolero Costume, cost lined satin; good condition; 24; 41; Write 2896, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

R ED Pressman wool Dressing-Gown; quite good; 12s.; Write 2889, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

R ICH ivory Orient satin Evening Gown, beautiful gold and pearl embroidery trimming; little soiled at hem; 23; 41; 42s.; Write 2899, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

R OYAL Blue Guards' Coat; lined, silver buttons; new; cost 42s.; sell 21s.; Write 740, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

S MART hand-crochet golf or motor Blouse; frills; color; 22; 39; 22s.; Write 2881, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

S MART iron-grey tweed Chesterfield Coat and Skirt, silk lined, well made; 25s.; 25; 42s.; Write 2894, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

S MART Toga of brown silk plush, trimmed lace medallions; white and brown wings and glaze ribbon; 10s.; 6d.; Write 2887, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

S MART grey mackintosh Coat; full length; shoulder cape (Craventine); 19s.; nearly new—Write 2915, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

S MART Outdoor Costume; circular skirt, pleated flounce and plain back, Russian coat; grey tweed and silk braids; medium; 32s.; Write 2897, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

S MART Outdoor Costume of elephant grey tweed; quilted sac coat, "Chinese" style; trimmings; 27; 42; 43s.; Write 2894, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

S TYLISH Costume of fawn and green check, N. basque coat, lined silk, green velvet trimmings; 27; 42; 43s.; Write 2881, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

S TYLISH dark homespun bolero Costume; silk lined; pleated skirt; trimmed mitred straps, cords, and tassels; 25; 40; 55s.; Write 2892, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

S UDDEN Mourning—Handsome tweed three-quarter sac Coat, lined silk, and skirt; cost 27 7s.; sacrifice; 15s.; Write 716, "Daily Mirror," 45, New Bond-street, W.

S UPERIOR black glacé Blouse; lace medallions and ruchings; nearly new; 15s.; medium—Write 2880,